THE ENTAIL:

OR

HE LAIRDS OF GRIPPY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

S OF THE PARISH, SIR ANDREW WYLIE, &c.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL, THE TANJO

LIAM BLACKWOOD, EDINBURGH:
AND T. CADELL, LONDON.
MDCCCXXIII.

THE ENTAIL.

CHAP. I.

WALKINSHAW passed a night of "restless ecstasy." Sometimes he reflected on the proposition with all the coolness that the Laird himself could have desired; but still and anon the centripetal movement of the thoughts and feelings which generated this prudence was suddenly arrested before they had gravitated into any thing like resolution, and then he was thrown as wild and as wide from the object of his uncle's solicitude as ever.

In the calmer, perhaps it may therefore be said, in the wiser course of his reflections, Robina appeared to him a shrewd

MAHARAJA S... 'S SARASWA...

and sensible girl, with a competent share of personal beauty, and many other excellent household qualities, to make her a commendable wife. With her he would at once enter on the enjoyment of opulence, and with it independence; and, moreover, and above all, have it in his power to restore his mother and sister to that state in society, to which, by birth and original expectations, they considered themselves as having some claim. This was a pleasing and a proud thought; and not to indulge it at the expence of a little sacrifice of personal feeling, seemed to him selfish and unmanly. But then he would remember with what high-toned bravery of determination he had boasted to his uncle of his pure and unalterable affections; how contemptuously he had spoken of pecuniary inducements, and in what terms, too, he had told Robina herself, that she had nothing to hope from him. It was, therefore, impossible that he could present himself to either with any expression of

regret for what had passed, without appearing, in the eyes of both, as equally weak and unworthy. But the very thought of finding that he could think of entertaining the proposition at all, was more acute and mortifying than even this; and he despised himself when he considered how Ellen Frazer would look upon him, if she knew he had been so base as, for a moment, to calculate the sordid advantages of preferring his cousin.

But what was to be done? To return to the counting-house, after his resolute declaration; to embark again in that in-door and tame drudgery which he ever hated, and which was rendered as vile as slavery, by the disclosures which had taken place, could not be. He would be baser than were he to sell himself to his uncle's purposes, could he yield to such a suggestion.

To leave Glasgow was his only alternative; but how? and where to go? and where to obtain the means? were stinging ques-

tions that he could not answer; and then what was he to gain? To marry Robina was to sacrifice Ellen Frazer; to quit the country entailed the same consequence. Besides all that, in so doing, he would add to the sorrows and the disappointments of his gentle-hearted and affectionate mother, who had built renewed hopes on his success under the auspices of his uncle, and who looked eagerly forward to the time when he should be so established in business as to bring his sister before the world in circumstances befitting his father's child; for the hereditary pride of family was mingled with his sensibility; and even the beautiful and sprightly Ellen Frazer herself, perhaps, owed something of her superiority over Robina to the Highland pedigrees and heroic traditions which Mrs Eadie delighted to relate of her ancestors.

While tossing on these troubled and conflicting tides of the mind, he happened to recollect, that a merchant, a school-fellow of his father, and who, when he occa-

sionally met him, always inquired, with more than common interest, for his mother and sister, had at that time a vessel bound for New York, where he intended to establish a store, and was in want of a clerk; and it occurred to him, that, perhaps, through that means, he might accomplish his wishes. This notion was as oil to his agitation, and hope restored soon brought sleep and soothing dreams to his pillow; but his slumbers were not of long duration, for before sunrise he awoke; and, in order to avoid the garrulous remonstrances of the Leddy, he rose and went to Camrachle for the purpose, as he persuaded himself, to consult his mother; but, for all that we have been able to understand, it was in reality only to communicate his determination. But these sort of self-delusions are very common to youths under age.

The morning air, as he issued from Glasgow, was cold and raw. Heavy blobs of water, the uncongenial distillations of

the midnight fogs, hung so dully on the hoary hedges, that even Poesy would be guilty of downright extravagance, were she, on any occasion, to call such gross uncrystalline knobs of physic glass by any epithet implying dew. The road was not miry, but gluey, and reluctant, and wearisome to the tread. The smoke from the farm-houses rolled listlessly down the thatch, and lazily spread itself into a dingy azure haze, that lingered and lowered among the stacks of the farm-yards. The cows, instead of proceeding, with their ordinary sedate common sense, to the pastures, stood on the loans, looking east and west, and lowing to one another—no doubt concerning the state of the weather. The birds chirped peevishly, as they hopped from bough to bough. The ducks walked in silence to their accustomed pools. The hens, creatures at all times of a sober temperament, condoled in actual sadness together under sheds and bushes; and chanticleer himself wore a paler crest than

usual, and was so low in spirits, that he only once had heart enough to wind his bugle-horn. Nature was sullen—and the herd-boy drew his blanket-mantle closer round him, and snarlingly struck the calf as he grudgingly drove the herd a-field. On the ground, at the door of the toll-bar house, lay a gill-stoup on its side, and near it, on a plate, an empty glass and a bit of bread, which showed that some earlier traveller had, in despite of the Statute, but in consideration of the damp and unwholesome morning, obtained a dram from the gudewife's ain bottle.

In consequence of these sympathetic circumstances, before Walkinshaw reached Camrachle, his heart was almost as heavy as his limbs were tired. His mother, when she saw him pass the parlour window, as he approached the door, was surprised at his appearance, and suffered something like a shock of fear when she perceived the dulness of his eye and the dejection of his features.

" What has brought you here?" was her first exclamation; " and what has happened?"

But, instead of replying, he walked in, and seated himself at the fireside, complaining of his cold and uncomfortable walk, and the heaviness of the road. His sister was preparing breakfast, and happening not to be in the room, his mother repeated her anxious inquiries with an accent of more earnest solicitude.

" I fear," said Walkinshaw, " that I am only come to distress you;" and he then briefly recapitulated what had passed between himself and his uncle respecting Robina. But a sentiment of tenderness for his mother's anxieties, blended with a wish to save her from the disagreeable sensation with which he knew his determination to quit Glasgow would affect her, made him suppress the communication that he had come expressly to make.

Mrs Walkinshaw had been too long accustomed to the occasional anticipations in

which her brother-in-law had indulged on the subject, to be surprised at what had taken place on his part; and both from her own observations, and from the repugnance her son expressed, she had no doubt that his attachment to Ellen Frazer was the chief obstacle to the marriage. The considerations and reflections to which this conclusion naturally gave rise, held her for some time silent. The moment, however, that Walkinshaw, encouraged by the seeming slightness of her regret at his declamations against the match, proceeded to a fuller disclosure of his sentiments, and to intimate his resolution to go abroad, her maternal fears were startled, and she was plunged into the profoundest sorrow. But still during breakfast she said nothing—misfortune and disappointment had indeed so long subdued her gentle spirit into the most patient resignation, that, while her soul quivered in all its tenderest feelings, she seldom even sighed, but, with a pale cheek and a meek supplication, expressed

only by a heavenward look of her mild and melancholy eyes, she seemed to say, "Alas! am I still doomed to suffer?" That look was ever irresistible with her children: in their very childhood it brought them, with all their artless and innocent caresses, to her bosom; and, on this occasion, it so penetrated the very core of Walkinshaw's heart, that he took her by the hand and burst into tears.

CHAP. II.

We are no casuists, and therefore cannot undertake to determine whether Jenny did right or wrong in marrying Auld Robin Gray for the sake of her poor father and mother; especially as it has been ever held by the most approved moralists, that there are principles to be abided by, even at the expence of great and incontrovertible duties. But of this we are quite certain, that there are few trials to which the generous heart can be subjected more severe than a contest between its duties and its affections—between the claims which others have upon the conduct of the man for their advantage, and the desires that he has himself to seek his own gratification. In this predicament stood young Walkinshaw; and at the moment when

he took his mother by the hand, the claims of filial duty were undoubtedly preferred to the wishes of love.

"I am," said he, "at your disposal, mother—do with me as you think fit.—When I resented the mean opinion that my uncle seemed to hold of me, I forgot you—I thought only of myself. My first duties, I now feel, are due to the world, and the highest of them to my family.—But I wish that I had never known Ellen Frazer."

"In that wish, my dear boy, you teach me what I ought myself to do.—No, James, I can never desire nor expect that my children will sacrifice themselves for me—for I regard it as no less than immolation when the heart revolts at the tasks which the hand performs. But my life has long been one continued sorrow; and it is natural that I should shrink at the approach of another and a darker cloud. I will not, however, ask you to remain with your uncle, nor even oppose your resolution to go

abroad. But be not precipitate—consider the grief, the anxieties, and the humiliations, that both your father and I have endured, and think, were you united to Ellen Frazer, supposing her father and friends would consent to so unequal a match, what would be her fate were you cut early off, as your father was?—It is the thought of that—of what I myself, with you and for you, have borne, which weighs so grievously at this moment on my spirits."

"Do you wish me to return to Glasgow?" said Walkinshaw with an anxious and agitated voice.

"Not unless you feel yourself that you can do so without humiliation—for bitter, James, as my cup has been, and ill able as I am to wrestle with the blast, I will never counsel child of mine to do that which may lessen him in his own opinion. Heaven knows that there are mortifications ready enough in the world to humble us—we do not need to make any for

ourselves—no, unless you can meet your uncle with a frank face and a free heart, do not return."

"I am sure, then, that I never can," replied Walkinshaw. "I feel as if he had insulted my nature, by venturing to express what he seems to think of me; and a man can forgive almost any injury but a mean opinion of him."

"But if you do not go to him, perhaps you will not find it difficult to obtain a situation in another counting-house?"

"If I am not to return to his, I would rather at once leave the place—I never liked it, and I shall now like it less than ever. In a word, my intention is to go, if possible, to America."

"Go where you will, my blessing and tears is all, my dear boy, that I can give you."

"Then you approve of my wish to go to America?"

"I do not object to it, James—It is a difficult thing for a mother to say that

she approves of her son exposing himself to any hazard."

"What would you have said, could I have obtained a commission in the army and a war raging?"

"Just what I say now—nor should I have felt more sorrow in seeing you go to a campaign than I shall feel when you leave me to encounter the yet to you untried perils of the world. Indeed, I may say, I should almost feel less, for, in the army, with all its hazard, there is a certain degree of assurance, that a young man, if he lives, will be fashioned into an honourable character."

"I wish that there was a war," said Walkinshaw with such sincere simplicity, that even his mother could scarcely refrain from smiling.

The conversation was, at this juncture, interrupted by the entrance of Mrs Eadie, who immediately perceived that something particular had occurred to disturb the tranquillity of her friend, and, for a moment,

she looked at Walkinshaw with an austere and majestic eye. His mother observed the severity of her aspect, and thought it as well at once to mention what had happened.

Mrs Eadie listened to the recital of his uncle's proposal, and his resolution to go abroad, with a degree of juridical serenity, that lent almost as much solemnity to her appearance as it derived dignity from her august form; and, when Mrs Walkinshaw concluded, she said,—

"We have foreseen all this—and I am only surprised that now, when it has come to pass, it should affect you so much. I dreamt, last night, Mrs Walkinshaw, that you were dead, and laid out in your winding-sheet. I thought I was sitting beside the corpse, and that, though I was sorrowful, I was, nevertheless, strangely pleased. In that moment, my cousin, Glengael, came into the room, and he had a large ancient book, with brazen clasps on it, under his arm. That book he gave to Ellen Frazer, whom

I then saw was also in the room, and she undid the brazen clasps, and opening it, showed her father a particular passage, which he read aloud, and, when he paused, I saw you rise, and, throwing aside the winding-sheet, you appeared richly dressed, with a chearful countenance, and on your hands were wedding-gloves. It was to tell you this auspicious dream that I came here this morning, and I have no doubt it betokens some happy change in your fortunes, to come by the agency of Glengael. Therefore, give yourself no uneasiness about this difference between James and his uncle ; for, you may rest assured, it will terminate in some great good to your family ; but there will be a death first, that's certain."

Although Walkinshaw was familiar with the occasional gleams of the sybiline pretensions of Mrs Eadie, and always treated them with reverence, he could not resist from smiling at the earnestness with which she delivered her prediction, saying, " But

I do not see in what way the dream has any thing to do with my case."

"You do not see," replied the Leddy sternly, "nor do I see; but it does not, therefore, follow, that there is no sympathy between them. The wheels of the world work in darkness, James, and it requires the sight of the seer to discern what is coming round, though the auguries of their index are visible to all eyes. But," and she turned to Mrs Walkinshaw, "it strikes me, that, in the present state of your circumstances, I might write to my cousin. The possession of Glengael gives him weight with Government, and, perhaps, his influence might be of use to your son."

This afforded a ray of hope to Walkinshaw, of which he had never entertained the slightest notion, and it also, in some degree, lightened the spirits of his mother. They both expressed their sense of her kindness; and James said gaily, that he had no doubt the omens of her dream

would soon be verified ; but she replied solemnly,—

"No! though Glengael may be able, by his interest, to serve you, the agency of death can alone fulfil the vision ; but, for the present, let us say no more on that head. I will write to-day to Mr Frazer, and inquire in what way he can best assist all our wishes."

In the meantime, the Leddy had been informed by her maid of Walkinshaw's early departure for Camrachle; and, in consequence, as soon as she had breakfasted, a messenger was dispatched to the counting-house, to request that the Laird might be sent to her when he came to town ; but this was unnecessary, for he had scarcely passed a more tranquil night than his nephew ; and, before her messenger came back, he was in the parlour with Robina, whom he had brought with him in the carriage to spend the day with one of her friends. Why the young lady should have chosen so unpleasant a day for her vi-

sit, particularly as it was a volunteer, and had been, as she said, only concerted with herself after the conversation of the preceding evening, we must allow the sagacity of the reader to discover; but she appeared flurried, and put out of countenance, when her grandmother told her, that she expected Dirdumwhamle and Mrs Milrookit to dinner, and "I think," said she, "Beenie, that ye ought to bide wi' me to meet them, for I expect Walky," so she styled Walkinshaw, their son; "and if ye're no to get the ae cousin, I dinna see but ye might set your cap for the other."

"I trust and hope," exclaimed the Laird, "that she has more sense. Walkinshaw Milrookit has nothing."

"And what has Jamie Walkinshaw?" said the Leddy. "'Deed, Geordie, though I canna but say ye're baith pawkie and auld farrant, it's no to be controversed that ye hae gotten your father's bee in the bonnet, anent ancestors and forbears, and nae gude can come out o' ony sic havers.

Beenie, my Leddy, ne'er fash your head wi' your father's dodrums; but, an ye can hook Walky's heart wi' the tail o' your ee, ye's no want my helping hand at the fishing."

"Mother," said George vehemently, "I am astonished that you can talk so lightly to the girl. I have my own reasons for being most decidedly averse to any such union. And though I do feel that James has used me ill, and that his headstrong conduct deserves my severest displeasure, I not only think it a duty to bring about a marriage between Robina and him, but will endeavour to act in it as such. Perhaps, had she been entirely free, I might have felt less interest in the business; but knowing, as I now do, that his coldness alone has prevented her from cherishing towards him a just and proper affection, I should be wanting in my obligations as a father, were I not to labour, by all expedient means, to promote the happiness of my child."

During this speech the young lady appeared both out of countenance and inwardly amused, while her grandmother, placing her hands to her sides, looked at her with a queer and inquisitive eye, and said,—

"It's no possible, Beenie Walkinshaw, that thou's sic a masquerading cutty as to hae beguilt baith thy father and me? But, if ever I had an ee in my head, and could see wi' that ee, it's as true as the deil's in Dublin city, that I hae had a discernment o' thy heart-hatred to Jamie Walkinshaw. But let your father rin to the woody as he will—they're no to be born that'ill live to see that I hae a judgment and an understanding o' what's what. Howsever, Geordie, what's to be done wi' that ne'er-do-well water-wag-tail that's flown awa to its mother? Poor woman, she canna afford to gie't drammock. Something maun be done, and wi' your wis' for a fresh clecking of the pedigrees o' the Walkinshaws o' Kittlestonheugh, that I hae been sae lang

deaved and driven doited wi'; 'for the space of forty years,' I may say, in the words of the Psalmist, 'the race hae grieved me.' Ye canna do better than just tak a hurl in your chaise to Camrachle, and bring him in by the lug and horn, and nail him to the desk wi' a pin to his nose."

There was worse advice, the Laird thought, than this; and, after some farther remarks to the same effect, he really did set off for Camrachle with the express intention of doing every thing in his power to heal the breach, and to conciliate again the affection and gratitude of his nephew.

CHAP. III.

As soon as the carriage had left the door, the Leddy resumed the conversation with her grand-daughter.

"Noo, Beenie Walkinshaw," said she, "I maun put you to the straights o' a question. Ye'll no tell me, lassie, that ye hae na flung stoor in your father's een, after the converse that we had thegither by oursels the other day; therefore and accordingly, I requeesht to know, what's at the bottom o' this black art and glamour that ye hae been guilty o'?—whatna scamp or hempy is't that the cutty has been gallanting wi', that she's trying to cast the glaiks in a' our een for?—Wha is't?—I insist to know—for ye'll ne'er gar me believe that there's no a because for your jookery pawkrie."

" You said," replied Miss, half blushing, half laughing, " that you would lend a helping hand to me with Walkinshaw Milrookit."

" Eh! Megsty me! I'm sparrow-blasted!" exclaimed the Leddy, throwing herself back in the chair, and lifting both her hands and eyes in wonderment.—" But thou, Beenie Walkinshaw, is a soople fairy; and so a' the time that thy father, as blin' as the silly blind bodie that his wife gart believe her gallant's horse was a milch cow sent frae her minny,—was wising and wyling to bring about a matrimony, or, as I should ca't, a matter-o'-money conjugality wi' your cousin Jamie, hae ye been linking by the dyke-sides, out o' sight, wi' Walky Milrookit? Weel, that beats print! Whatna novelle gied you that lesson, lassie? Hey Sirs! auld as I am, but I would like to read it. Howsever, Beenie, as the ae oe's as sib to me as the ither, I'll be as gude as my word; and when Dirdumwhamle and your aunty, wi'

your joe, are here the day, we'll just lay our heads thegither for a purpose o' marriage, and let your father play the Scotch measure or shantruse, wi' the bellows and the shank o' the besom, to some warlock wallop o' his auld papistical and paternostering ancestors, that hae been—Gude preserve us!—for ought I ken to the contrary, suppin' brimstone broth wi' the deil lang afore the time o' Adam and Eve. Methuselah himself, I verily believe, could be naething less than half a cousin to the nine hundred and ninety-ninth Walkinshaw o' Kittlestonheugh. Howsever, Beenie, thou's a—thou's a—I'll no say what—ye little dooble cutty, to keep me in the dark, when I could hae gi'en you and Walky sae muckle convenience for courting. But, for a' that, I'll no be devoid o' grace, but act the part of a kind and affectionate grandmother, as it is well known I hae ay been to a' my bairns' childer; only I never thought to hae had a finger in the pye o' a Clarissy Harlot wedding."

"But," said Robina, "what if my father should succeed in persuading James still to fall in with his wishes? My situation will be dreadful."

"'Deed, an that come to a possibility, I ken na what's to be done," replied the Leddy; "for ye know it will behove me to tak my ain son, your father's part; and as I was saying, Jamie Walkinshaw being as dear to me as Walky Milrookit, I can do no less than help you to him, which need be a matter of no diffeequalty, 'cause ye hae gart your father trow that ye're out o' the body for Jamie; so, as I said before, ye maun just conform."

Miss looked aghast for a moment, and exclaimed, clasping her hands, at finding the total contempt with which her grandmother seemed to consider her affections,—

"Heaven protect me! I am ruined and undone!"

"Na, if that's the gait o't, Beenie, I hae nothing to say, but to help to tak up the loupen-steek in your stocking wi' as much

brevity as is consistent wi' perspicuity, as the minister o' Port Glasgow says."

"What do you mean? to what do you allude?" cried the young lady terrified.

"Beenie Walkinshaw, I'll be calm; I'll no lose my composity. But it's no to seek what I could say, ye Jerusalem concubine, to bring sic a crying sin into my family. O woman, woman! but ye're a silly nymph, and the black stool o' repentance is oure gude for you!"

Robina was so shocked and thunderstruck at the old lady's imputations and kindling animadversions, that she actually gasped with horror.

"But," continued her grandmother,—"since it canna be helped noo, I maun just tell your father, as well as I can, and get the minister when we're a' thegither in the afternoon, and declare an irregular marriage, which is a calamity that never happened on my side of the house."

Unable any longer to control her agitation, Robina started from her seat, ex-

claiming, "Hear me, in mercy! spare such horrible—"

"Spare!" interrupted the Leddy, with the sharpest tone of her indignation,—"An' ye were my dochter as ye're but my grand-dochter, I would spare you, ye Israelitish handmaid, and randy o' Babylon. But pride ne'er leaves its master without a fa'—your father's weel serv't—he would tak nane o' my advice in your education; but instead o' sending you to a Christian school, got down frae Manchester, in England, a governess for miss, my leddy, wi' gumflowers on her head, and paint on her cheeks, and speaking in sic high English, that the Babel babble o' Mull and Moydart was a perfection o' sense when compar't wi't."

"Good heavens! how have you fallen into this strange mistake?" said Robina, so much recovered, that she could scarcely refrain from laughing.

"Beenie, Beenie! ye may ca't a mistake; but I say it's a shame and a sin. O

sic a blot to come on the 'scutcheon of my old age; and wha will tell your poor weakly mother, that, since the hour o' your luckless clecking, has ne'er had a day to do weel. Lang, lang has she been sitting on the brink o' the grave, and this sore stroke will surely coup her in."

"How was it possible," at last exclaimed Robina, in full self-possession, "that you could put such an indelicate construction on any thing that I have said?"

The Leddy had by this time melted into a flood of tears, and was searching for her handkerchief to wipe her eyes; but, surprised at the firmness with which she was addressed, she looked up as she leant forward, with one hand still in her pocket, and the other grasping the arm of the elbow chair in which she was seated.

"Yes," continued Robina, "you have committed a great error; and though I am mortified to think you could for a moment entertain so unworthy an opinion of me,

I can hardly keep from laughing at the mistake."

But although the Leddy was undoubtedly highly pleased to learn that she had distressed herself without reason, still, for the sake of her own dignity, which she thought somehow compromised by what she had said, she seemed as if she could have wished there had been a little truth in the imputation ; for she said,—

" I'm blithe to hear you say sae, Beenie ; but it was a very natural delusion on my part, for ye ken in thir novelle and play-actoring times nobody can tell what might happen. Howsever, I'm glad it's no waur ; but ye maun alloo that it was a very suspectionable situation for you to be discovered colleaguing wi' Walky Milrookit in sic a clandestine manner ; and, therefore, I see that na better can be made o't, but to bring a purpose o' marriage to pass between you, as I was saying, without fashing your father about it till it's by hand ; when, after he has got his ramping and

stamping over, he'll come to himsel, and mak us a' jocose."

The conversation was continued with the same sort of consistency as far as the old lady was concerned, till Mrs Milrookit and Dirdumwhamle, with their son, arrived.

Young Milrookit, as we have already intimated, was, in point of personal figure, not much inferior to James; and though he certainly was attached to his cousin, Robina, with unfeigned affection, he had still so much of the leaven of his father in him, that her prospective chance of succeeding to the estate of Kittlestonheugh had undoubtedly some influence in heightening the glow of his passion.

A marriage with her was as early and as ardently the chief object of his father's ambition, as the union with his cousin Walkinshaw had been with her's; and the hope of seeing it consummated made the old gentleman, instead of settling him in any town business, resolve to make him a

farmer, that he might one day be qualified to undertake the management of the Kittlestonheugh estate. It is, therefore, unnecessary to mention, that, when Robina and her lover had retired, on being told by their grandmother they might "divert themselves in another room," Dirdumwhamle engaged, with the most sympathetic alacrity, in the scheme, as he called it, to make the two affectionate young things happy. But what passed will be better told in a new Chapter.

CHAP. IV.

"INDEED, Leddy," said the Laird of Dirdumwhamle, when she told him of the detection, as she called it, of Robina's notion of his son—"Blood ye ken's thicker than water; and I have na been without a thought mysel that there was something by the common o' cousinship atween them. But hearing, as we often a' have done, of the great instancy that my gude-brother was in for a match tweesh her and James, I could na think of making mysel an interloper. But if it's ordaint that she prefers Walky, I'm sure I can see nae harm in you and me giving the twa young things a bit canny shove onward in the road to a blithesome bridal."

"I am thinking," rejoined his wife, "that, perhaps, it might be as prudent and

more friendly to wait the upshot o' her father's endeavours wi' James,—for even although he should be worked into a compliancy, still there will be no marriage, and then Robina can avow her partiality for Walky."

"Meg," replied the Leddy, "ye speak as one of the foolish women—ye ken naething about it; your brother Geordie's just his father's ain gett, and winna be put off frae his intents by a' the powers of law and government—let him ance get Jamie to conform, and he'll soon thraw Beenie into an obedience, and what will then become o' your Walky?—Na, na, Dirdumwhamle, heed her not, she lacketh understanding—it's you and me, Laird, that maun work the wherry in this breeze—ye're a man o' experience in the ways o' matrimony, having been, as we all know, thrice married,—and I am an aged woman, that has na travelled the world for sax-and-seventy years without hearing the toast o' 'Love and opportunity.' Now, have na we

the love ready-made to our hands in the fond affection of Beenie and Walky?—and surely neither o' us is in such a beggary o' capacity, that we're no able to conceit a time and place for an opportunity. Had it been, as I had at ae time this very day, a kind of a because to jealouse, I'll no say what—it was my purpose to hae sent for a minister or a magistrate, and got an unregular marriage declared outright—though it would hae gi'en us a' het hearts and red faces for liveries. Noo, Laird, ye're a man o' sagacity and judgment, dinna ye think, though we hae na just sic an exploit to break our hearts wi' shame and tribulation, that we might ettle at something o' the same sort?—and there can be no sin in't, Meg; for is't no commanded in Scripture to increase and multiply? and what we are wis'ing to bring about is a purpose o' marriage, which is the natural way o' plenishing the earth, and raising an increase o' the children of men."

Much and devoutly as the Laird of

Dirdumwhamle wished for such a consummation, he was not quite prepared for proceedings of so sudden and hasty a character. And being a personage of some worldly prudence, eagerly as he longed for the match, he was averse to expose himself to any strictures for the part he might take in promoting it. Accordingly, instead of acquiescing at once in his mother-in-law's suggestion, he said jocularly,

"Hooly, hooly, Leddy; it may come vera weel off Walky and Robina's hands to make a private marriage for themselves, poor young things, but it never will do for the like o' you and me to mess or mell in the matter, by ony open countenancing o' a ceremony. It's vera true that I see nae objection to the match, and would think I did nae ill in the way o' a quiet conneevance to help them on in their courtship, but things are no ripe for an aff-hand ploy."

"I'm glad to hear you say sae," interposed Mrs Milrookit; "for really my mo-

ther seems fey about this connection; and nae gude can come o' ony thing sae rashly devised. My brother would, in my opinion, have great cause to complain, were the gudeman to be art or part in ony such conspiracy."

The Leddy never liked to have her judgment called in question; (indeed, what ladies do?) and still less by a person so much her inferior in point of understanding (so she herself thought,) as her daughter.

"My word, Meg," was her reply, "but t'ou has a stock o' impudence, to haud up thy snout in that gait to the she that bore thee.—Am I one of these that hae, by reason of more strength, amaist attain't to the age of fourscore, without learning the right frae the wrang o' a' moral conduct, as that delightful man, Dr Pringle o' Garnock, said in his sermon on the Fast Day, when he preached in the Wynd Kirk, that t'ou has the spirit o' sedition, to tell me that I hae lost my solid judgment,

when I'm labouring in the vineyard o' thy family?—Dirdumwhamle, your wife there, she's my dochter, and sorry am I to say't, but it's well known, and I dinna misdoot ye hae found it to your cost, that she is a most unreasonable, narrow, contracted woman, and wi' a' her 'conomical throughgality—her direction-books to mak grozette wine for deil-be-lickit, and her Katy Fisher's cookery, whereby she would gar us trow she can mak fat kail o' chucky stanes and an auld horse shoe—we a' ken, and ye ken, Laird, warst o' a', that she flings away the pease, and mak's her hotch-potch wi' the shawps, or, as the auld bye-word says, tyne's bottles gathering straes. So what need the like o' you and me sit in council, and the Shanedrims of the people, wi' ane o' the stupidest bawkie birds that e'er the Maker o't took the trouble to put the breath o' life in? Fey, did ye say?—that's a word o' discretion to fling at the head o' your aged parent. Howsever, it's no worth my condescendence to

lose my temper wi' the like o' her. But, Meg Walkinshaw, or Mrs Milrookit, though ye be there afore your gudeman, the next time ye diminish my understanding, I'll may be let ye ken what it is to blaspheme your mother, so tak heed lest ye fall. And now to wind up the thread o' what we were discoursing anent—It's my opinion, Dirdumwhamle, we should put no molestation in the way o' that purpose o' marriage. So, if ye dinna like to tell your son to gang for a minister, I'll do it myself; and the sooner it's by hand and awa, as the sang sings, the sooner we'll a' be in a situation to covenant and gree again wi' Beenie's father."

The Laird was delighted to see the haste and heartiness with which the Leddy was resolved to consummate the match; but he said,—

"Do as ye like, Leddy—do as ye like; but I'll no coom my fingers wi' meddling in ony sic project. The wark be a' your ain."

"Surely neither you nor that unreverent and misleart tumphy your wife, our Meg, would refuse to be present at the occasion?"

"'Deed, Leddy, I'm unco sweert; I'll no deny that," replied Dirdumwhamle.

"If it is to take place this day, and in this house, gudeman, I'm sure it will be ill put on blateness, both on your part and mine, no to be present," said Mrs Milrookit.

"Noo, that's a word o' sense, Meg," cried her mother, exultingly; "that's something like the sagacity o' a Christian parent. Surely it would be a most Pagan-like thing, for the father and mother o' the bridegroom to be in the house, to ken o' what was going on, and fidging fain, as ye baith are, for the comfort it's to bring to us a', to sit in another room wi' a cloud on your brows, and your hands in a mournful posture. Awa, awa, Dirdumwhamle, wi' the like o' that; I hae nae brow o' sic worldly hypocrisy. But we hae nae time

to lose, for your gude-brother will soon be back frae Camrachle, and I would fain hae a' o'er before he comes. Hey, Sirs! but it will be a sport if we can get him to be present at the wedding-dinner, and he ken naething about it. So I'll just send the lass at ance for Dr De'ilfear; for it's a great thing, ye ken, to get a bridal blessed wi' the breath o' a sound orthodox; and I'll gae ben and tell Beenie and Walky, that they maun mak some sort o' a preparation."

"But, when they are married, what's to become o' them?—where are they to bide?—and what hae they to live upon?"—said Mrs Milrookit, anxiously.

"Dinna ye fash your head, Meg," said her mother, about ony sic trivialities. They can stay wi' me till after the reconciliation, when, nae doot, her father will alloo a genteel aliment; so we need na vex oursels about taking thought for to-morrow; sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. But ye hae bonny gooses and a'

manner o' poultry at the Dirdumwhamle. So, as we'll need something to keep the banes green, ye may just send us a tasting; na, for that matter, we'll no cast out wi' the like o' a sooking grumphie; or, if ye were chancing to kill a sheep, a side o' mutton's worth house-room; and butter and eggs, I'm no a novice, as the Renfrew Doctor said, butter and eggs may dine a provice, wi' the help o' bread for kitchen."

In concluding this speech, the Leddy, who had, in the mean time, risen, gave a joyous geck with her head, and swept triumphantly out of the room.

CHAP. V.

In the meantime, Kittlestonheugh, as, according to the Scottish fashion, we should denominate Squire Walkinshaw, had proceeded to Camrachle, where he arrived at his sister-in-law's door just as Mrs Eadie was taking her leave, with the intention of writing to her relation Mr Frazer in behalf of James. As the carriage drove up, Mrs Charles, on seeing it approach, begged her to stop; but, upon second thoughts, it was considered better that she should not remain, and also that she should defer her letter to Glengael until after the interview. She was accordingly at the door when the Laird alighted, who, being but slightly acquainted with her, only bowed, and was passing on without speaking into the house, when she arrested him

by one of her keen and supreme looks, of which few could withstand the searching brightness.

" Mr Walkinshaw," said she, after eyeing him inquisitively for two or three seconds, " before you go to Mrs Charles, I would speak with you."

It would not be easy to explain the reason which induced Mrs Eadie so suddenly to determine on interfering, especially after what had just passed ; but still, as she did so, we are bound, without investigating her motives too curiously, to relate the sequel.

Mr Walkinshaw bowed, thereby intimating his acquiescence ; and she walked on towards the manse with slow steps and a majestic altitude, followed by the visitor in silence. But she had not advanced above four or five paces, when she turned round, and touching him emphatically on the arm, said,—

" Let us not disturb the minister, but go into the churchyard ; we can converse

there—the dead are fit witnesses to what I have to say."

Notwithstanding all his worldliness, there was something so striking in her august air, the impressive melancholy of her countenance, and the solemn Siddonian grandeur of her voice, that Kittlestonheugh was awed, and could only at the moment again intimate his acquiescence by a profound bow. She then proceeded with her wonted dignity towards the churchyard, and entering the stile which opened into it, she walked on to the south side of the church. The sun by this time had exhaled away the morning mists, and was shining brightly on the venerable edifice, and on the humble tombs and frail memorials erected nigh.

"Here," said she, stopping when they had reached the small turfless space which the feet of the rustic Sabbath pilgrims had trodden bare in front of the southern door,—"Here let us stop—the sun shines warmly here, and the church will shelter

us from the cold north-east wind. Mr Walkinshaw, I am glad that we have met, before you entered yon unhappy house. The inmates are not in circumstances to contend with adversity: your sister loves her children too well not to wish that her son may obtain the great advantages which your proposal to him holds out; and he has too kind and generous a heart, not to go far, and willingly to sacrifice much on her account. You have it therefore in your power to make a family, which has hitherto known little else but misfortune, miserable or happy."

"It cannot, I hope, Madam," was his reply, "be thought of me, that I should not desire greatly to make them happy.—Since you are acquainted with what has taken place, you will do me the justice to admit, that I could do nothing more expressive of the regard I entertain for my nephew, and of the esteem in which I hold his mother, than by offering him my only child in marriage, and with such a

dowry, too, as no one in his situation could almost presume to expect."

Mrs Eadie did not make any immediate answer, but again fixed her bright and penetrating eye for a few seconds so intensely on his countenance, that he turned aside from its irresistible ray.

"What you say, Sir, sounds well; but if, in seeking to confer that benefit, you mar for ever the happiness you wish to make, and know before that such must be the consequence, some other reason than either regard for your nephew, or esteem for his mother, must be the actuating spring that urges you to persevere."

Firm of purpose, and fortified in resolution, as Kittlestonheugh was, something both in the tone and the substance of this speech made him thrill from head to foot.

"What other motive than my affection can I have?" said he.

"Interest," replied Mrs Eadie, with a look that withered him to the heart,—"Interest; nothing else ever made a man

force those to be unhappy whom he professed to love."

"I am sorry, Madam, that you think so ill of me," was his reply, expressed coldly and haughtily.

"I did not wish you to come here, that we should enter into any debate; but only to entreat that you will not press your wish for the marriage too urgently; because, out of the love and reverence which your nephew has for his mother, I fear he may be worked on to comply."

"Fear! Madam—I cannot understand your meaning."

The glance that Mrs Eadie darted at these words convinced him it was in vain to equivocate with her.

"Mr Walkinshaw," said she, after another long pause, and a keen and suspicious scrutiny of his face—"It has always been reported, that some of my mother's family possessed the gift of a discerning spirit. This morning, when I saw you alight from your carriage I felt as if

the mantle of my ancestors had fallen upon me. It is a hallowed and oracular inheritance; and, under its mysterious inspirations, I dare not disguise what I feel.—You have come to-day——"

"Really, Madam," interrupted the merchant testily, "I come for some better purpose than to listen to Highland stories about the second-sight. I must wish you good morning."

In saying this, he turned round, and was moving to go away, when the lady, throwing back her shawl, magnificently raised her hand, and took hold of him by the arm—

"Stop, Mr Walkinshaw, this is a place of truth—There is no deceit in death and the grave—Life and the living may impose upon us; but here, where we stand, among the sincere—the dead—I tell you, and your heart, Sir, knows that what I tell you is true, there is no affection—no love for your nephew—nor respect for his mother, in the undivulged motives of

that seeming kindness with which you are, shall I say plainly, seeking their ruin?"

The impassioned gestures and the suppressed energy with which this was said, gave an awful and mysterious effect to expressions that were in themselves simple, in so much that the astonished man of the world regarded her, for some time, with a mingled sentiment of wonder and awe. At last he said, with a sneer,—

"Upon my word, Mrs Eadie, the minister himself could hardly preach with more eloquence. It is a long time since I have been so lectured; and I should like to know by what authority I am so brought to book?"

The sarcastic tone in which this was said provoked the pride and Highland blood of the lady, who, stepping back, and raising her right arm with a towering grandeur, shook it over him as she said,—

"I have no more to say;—the fate of the blood of Glengael is twined and twist-

ed with the destiny of Mrs Charles Walkinshaw's family; but at your dying hour you will remember what I have said, and, trembling, think of this place—of these tombs, these doors that lead into the judgment-chamber of Heaven, and of yon sun, that is the eye of the Almighty's chief sentinel over man."

She then dropped her hand, and, walking slowly past him, went straight towards the manse, the door of which she had almost reached before he recovered himself from the amazement and apprehension with which he followed her with his eye. His feelings, however, he soon so far mastered in outward appearance, that he even assumed an air of ineffable contempt; but, nevertheless, an impression had been so stamped by her mystery and menace, that, in returning towards the dwelling of Mrs Charles, he gradually fell into a moody state of thoughtfulness and abstraction.

CHAP. VI.

Mrs Charles Walkinshaw had been a good deal surprised by the abrupt manner in which Mrs Eadie had intercepted her brother-in-law. Her son, not a little pleased of an opportunity to avoid his uncle, no sooner saw them pass the window than he made his escape from the house. Observing that they did not go to the manse, but turned off towards the churchyard, he hastened to take refuge with his old preceptor, the minister, possibly to see Ellen Frazer. The relation, however, of what passed in the manse does not fall within the scope of our narrative, particularly as it will be easily comprehended and understood by its effects. We have, therefore, only at present to mention, that Mrs Charles, in the meantime, sat in won-

der and expectation, observing to her daughter, a mild and unobtrusive girl, who seldom spoke many sentences at a time, that she thought of late Mrs Eadie seemed unusually attentive to her Highland superstitions. "She has been, I think, not so well of late,—her nerves are evidently in a high state of excitement. It is much to be regretted that she is so indisposed at this time, when we stand so much in need of her advice."

Mary replied that she had noticed with sorrow a very great change indeed in their friend,—and she added,—

"Ellen says that she often walks out at night to the churchyard, and sits moaning over the graves of her children. It is strange after they have been so long dead, that her grief should have so unexpectedly broken out afresh. The minister, I am sure, is very uneasy—for I have noticed that he looks paler than he used to do, and with a degree of sadness that is really very affecting."

While they were thus speaking Mr Walkinshaw came in, and the first words he said, before taking a seat, were,—

"Is the minister's wife in her right mind? She seems to me a little touched. I could with difficulty preserve my gravity at her fantastical nonsense."

Mrs Charles, out of respect for her friend, did not choose to make any reply to this observation, so that her brother-in-law found himself obliged to revert to the business which had brought him to Camrachle.

"I thought James was here," said he; "what has become of him?"

"He has just stepped out.—I suspect he was not exactly prepared to meet you."

"He is hot and hasty," rejoined the uncle; "we had rather an unpleasant conversation last night. I hope, since he has had time to reflect on what I said, he sees things differently."

"I am grieved," replied Mrs Charles with a sigh, "that any thing should have

arisen to mar the prospects that your kindness had opened to him. But young men will be headstrong; their feelings often run away with their judgment."

"But," said Kittlestonheugh, "I can forgive him. I never looked for any conduct in him different from that of others of his own age. Folly is the superfluous blossoms of youth: They drop off as the fruit forms. I hope he is not resolute in adhering to his declaration about leaving Glasgow."

"He seems at present quite resolved," replied his mother, with a deep and slow sigh, which told how heavily that determination lay upon her heart.

"Perhaps, then," said his uncle, "it may just be as well to leave him to himself for a few days; and I had better say nothing more to him on the subject."

"I think," replied Mrs Charles, timidly, as if afraid that she might offend,—"it is needless at present to speak to him about Robina: he must have time to reflect."—

She would have added, " on the great advantages of the match to him;" but knowing, as she did, the decided sentiments of her son, she paused in the unfinished sentence, and felt vexed with herself for having said so much.

" But," inquired her brother-in-law, in some degree solaced by the manner in which she had expressed herself—" But, surely, the boy will not be so ridiculous as to absent himself from the counting-house?"

" He speaks of going abroad," was the soft and diffident answer.

" Impossible! he has not the means."

She then told him what he had been considering with respect to his father's old acquaintance, who had the vessel going to America.

" In that case," said his uncle, with an off-hand freedom that seemed much like generosity,—" I must undertake the expence of his outfit. He will be none the worse of seeing a little of the world; and

he will return to us in the course of a year or two a wiser and a better man."

"Your kindness, Sir, is truly extraordinary, and I shall be most happy if he can be persuaded to avail himself of it; but his mind lies towards the army, and, if he could get a cadetcy to India, I am sure he would prefer it above all things."

"A cadetcy to India!" exclaimed the astonished uncle.—"By what chance or interest could he hope for such an appointment?"

"Mrs Eadie's cousin, who bought back her father's estate, she says, has some Parliamentary interest, and she intends to write him to beg his good offices for James."

Kittlestonheugh was thunderstruck:—this was a turn in the affair that he had never once imagined within the scope and range of possibility. "Do you think," said he, "that he had any view to this in his ungrateful insolence to me last night? If I thought so, every desire I had to serve

him should be henceforth suppressed and extinguished."

At this crisis the door was opened, and Mr Eadie, the minister, came in, by which occurrence the conversation was interrupted, and the vehemence of Mr Walkinshaw was allowed to subside during the interchange of the common reciprocities of the morning.

"I am much grieved," Mr Walkinshaw. said the worthy clergyman, after a short pause, "to hear of this unfortunate difference with your nephew. I hope the young man will soon come to a more considerate way of thinking."

Mr Walkinshaw thought Mr Eadie a most sensible man, and could not but express his confidence, that, when the boy came to see how much all his best friends condemned his conduct, and were so solicitous for his compliance, he would repent his precipitation. "We must, however," said he, "give him time. His mother tells me that he has resolved to

go to America. I shall do all in my power to assist his views in that direction, not doubting in the end to reap the happiest effects."

"But before taking any step in that scheme," said the minister, "he has resolved to wait the issue of a letter which I have left my wife writing to her relation—for he would prefer a military life to any other."

"From all that I can understand," replied the uncle, "Mr Frazer, your friend, will not be slack in using his interests to get him to India; for he cannot but be aware of the pennyless condition of my nephew, and must be glad to get him out of his daughter's way."

There was something in this that grated the heart of the mother, and jarred on the feelings of the minister.

"No," said the latter; "on the contrary, the affection which Glengael bears to his daughter would act with him as a motive to lessen any obstacles that might

oppose her happiness. Were Mrs Eadie to say—but, for many reasons, she will not yet—that she believes her young friend is attached to Ellen, I am sure Mr Frazer would exert himself, in every possible way, to advance his fortune."

"In that he would but do as I am doing," replied the merchant with a smile of self-gratulation; and he added briskly, addressing himself to his sister-in-law, "Will James accept favours from a stranger, with a view to promote a union with that stranger's daughter, and yet scorn the kindness of his uncle?"

The distressed mother had an answer ready; but long dependence on her cool and wary brother-in-law, together with her natural gentleness, made her bury it in her heart. The minister, however, who owed him no similar obligations, and was of a more courageous nature, did more than supply what she would have said.

"The cases, Mr Walkinshaw, are not similar. The affection between your ne-

phew and Ellen is mutual; but your favour is to get him to agree to a union at which his heart revolts."

"Revolts! you use strong language unnecessarily," was the indignant retort.

"I beg your pardon, Mr Walkinshaw," said the worthy Presbyter, disturbed at the thought of being so unceremonious; "I am much interested in your nephew—I feel greatly for his present unhappy situation. I need not remind you that he has been to me, and with me, as my own son; and therefore you ought not to be surprised that I should take his part, particularly as, in so doing, I but defend the generous principles of a very noble youth."

"Well, well," exclaimed the Laird peevishly, "I need not at present trouble myself any farther—I am as willing as ever to befriend him as I ought; but, from the humour he is in, it would serve no good purpose for me at present to interfere. I shall therefore return to Glasgow; and, when Mrs Eadie receives her answer, his

mother will have the goodness to let me know."

With these words he hastily bade his sister-in-law good morning, and hurried into his carriage.

"His conduct is very extraordinary," said the minister as he drove off. "There is something more than the mere regard and anxiety of an uncle in all this, especially when he knows that the proposed match is so obnoxious to his daughter. I cannot understand it; but come, Mrs Walkinshaw, let us go over to the manse—James is to dine with me to-day, and we shall be the better of all being together; for Mrs Eadie seems much out of spirits, and her health of late has not been good. Go, Mary, get your bonnet too, and come with us."

So ended the pursuit to Camrachle; and we shall now beg the courteous reader to return with us to Glasgow, where we left the Leddy in high spirits, in the act of sending for the Reverend Dr De'ilfear to marry her grandchildren.

CHAP. VII.

Long before Kittlestonheugh returned to Glasgow, the indissoluble knot was tied between his daughter and her cousin, Walkinshaw Milrookit. The Laird of Dirdumwhamle was secretly enjoying this happy consummation of a scheme which he considered as securing to his son the probable reversion of an affluent fortune, and a flourishing estate. Occasional flakes of fear floated, however, in the sunshine of his bosom, and fell cold for a moment on his heart. His wife was less satisfied. She knew the ardour with which her brother had pursued another object; she respected the consideration that was due to him as a parent in the disposal of his daughter; and she justly dreaded his indignation and reproaches. She was, therefore, anxious that

Mr Milrookit should return with her to the country before he came back from Camrachle. But her mother, the Leddy, was in high glee, and triumphant, at having so cleverly, as she thought, accomplished a most meritorious stratagem, she would not for a moment listen to the idea of their going away before dinner.

"Na; ye'll just bide where ye are," said she. "It will be an unco like thing no to partake o' the marriage feast, though ye hae come without a wedding garment, after I hae been at the cost and outlay o' a jigot o' mutton, a fine young poney cock, and a florentine pye; dainties that the like o' hae na been in my house since Geordie, wi' his quirks o' law, wheedled me to connive wi' him to deprive uncle Watty o' his seven lawful senses, forbye the property. But I trow I hae now gotten the blin side o' him at last: he'll no daur to say a word to me about a huggery muggery matrimonial, take my word for't; for he kens the black craw I hae to pluck wi' him anent

the prank he played me in the deevelry o' the concos mentos, whilk ought in course o' justice to have entitled me to a full half of the income o' the lands; and a blithe thing, Dirdumwhamle, that would hae been to you and your wife, could we hae wrought it into a come-to-pass; for sure am I, that, in my experience and throughgality, I would na hae tied my talent in a napkin, nor hid it in a stroopless tea-pot, in the corner o' the press, but laid it out to usury wi' Robin Carrick. Howsever, may be, for a' that, Meg, when I'm dead and gone, ye'll find, in the bonny pocket-book ye sewed lang syne at the boarding-school for your father, a testimony o' the advantage it was to hae had a mother. But, Sirs, a wedding-day is no a time for molloncholious moralizing; so I'll mak a skip and a passover o' a matter and things pertaining to sic Death, and the Leddy's confabbles as legacies, and kittle up your notions wi' a wee bit spree and sprose o' jocosity, afore the old man comes; for so, in

course o' nature, it behoves us to ca' the bride's father, as he's now, by the benison o' Dr De'ilfear, on the lawfu' toll-road to become, in due season, an ancestor. Nae doubt, he would hae liked better had it been to one of his ain Walkinshaws o' Kittlestonheugh; but, when folk canna get the gouden goun, they should be thankful when they get the sleeve."

While the Leddy was thus holding forth to the Laird and his wife, the carriage with George stopped at the door. Dirdumwhamle, notwithstanding all his inward pleasure, changed colour. Mrs Milrookit fled to another room, to which the happy pair had retired after the ceremony, that they might not be visible to any accidental visitors; and even the Leddy was for a time smitten with consternation. She, however, was the first who recovered her self-possession; and, before Mr Walkinshaw was announced, she was seated in her accustomed elbow chair with a volume of Mathew Henry's Commentary on her lap,

and her spectacles on her nose, as if she had been piously reading. Dirdumwhamle sat opposite to her, and was apparently in a profound sleep, from which he was not roused until some time after the entrance of his brother-in-law.

"So, Geordie," said the Leddy, taking off her spectacles, and shutting the book, as her son entered; "what's come o' Jamie?—hae ye no brought the Douglas-tragedy-like mountebank, back wi' you?"

"Let him go to the devil," was the answer.

"That's an ill wis, Geordie.—And so ye hae been a gouk's errant? But how are they a' at Camrachle?" replied the Leddy; "and, to be sober, what's the callan gaun to do? And what did he say for himsel, the kick-at-the-benweed foal that he is? If his mother had laid on the taws better, he would nae hae been sae skeigh. But, sit down, Geordie, and tell me a' about it. —First and foremost, howsever, gie that sleepy bodie, Dirdumwhamle, a shoogle out

o' his dreams. What's set the man a snoring like the bars o' Ayr, at this time o' day, I won'er ?"

But Dirdumwhamle did not require to be so shaken ; for, at this juncture, he began to yawn and stretch his arms till, suddenly seeing his brother-in-law, he started wide awake.

" I am really sorry to say, mother," resumed Kittlestonheugh, " that my jaunt to Camrachle has been of no avail. The minister's wife, who, by the way, is certainly not in her right mind, has already written to her relation, Glengael, to beg his interest to procure a cadetship to India for James ; and, until she receives an answer, I will let the fellow tak his own way."

" Vera right, Geordie, vera right ; ye could na act a more prudential and Solomon-like part," replied his mother. " But, since he will to Cupar, let him gang, and a' sorrow till him ; and just compose your mind to approve o' Beenie's marriage wi' Walky, who is a lad of a methodical na-

MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARAS

ture, and no a hurly-burly ramstam, like yon flea-luggit thing, Jamie."

Dirdumwhamle would fain have said amen, but it stuck in his throat. Nor had he any inducement to make any effort farther, by the decisive manner in which his brother-in-law declared, that he would almost as soon carry his daughter's head to the churchyard as see that match.

"Weel, weel; but I dare say, Geordie, ye need na mair waste your bir about it," exclaimed the Leddy; "for, frae something I hae heard the lad himsel say, this very day, it's no a marriage that ever noo is likely to happen in this warld;" and she winked significantly to the bridegroom's father.—"But, Geordie," she continued, "there is a because that I would like to understand. How is't that ye're sae doure against Walky Milrookit? I'm sure he's a very personable lad—come o' a gude family—sib to us a'; and, failing you and yours, heir o' entail to the Kittlestonheugh. Howsever, no to fash you wi' the like o'

that, as I see ye're kindling, I would, just by way o' diversion, be blithe to learn how it would gang wi' you, if Beenie, after a' this straemash, was to loup the window under cloud o' night wi' some gaberlunzie o' a crookit and blin' soldier-officer, or, wha kens, maybe a drunken drammatical divor frae the play-house, wi' ill-colour't darnt silk stockings; his coat out at the elbows, and his hat on ajee? How would you like that, Geordie?—Sic misfortunes are no uncos noo-a-days."

Her son, notwithstanding the chagrin he suffered, was obliged to smile, saying, "I have really a better opinion, both of Beenie's taste and her sense, than to suppose any such adventure possible."

"So hae I," replied the Leddy. "But ye ken, if her character were to get sic a claut by a fox paw, ye would be obligated to tak her hame, and mak a genteel settlement befitting your only dochter."

"I think," said George, "in such a case as you suppose, a genteel settlement

would be a little more than could in reason be expected."

"So think I, Geordie—I am sure I would ne'er counsel you into ony conformity; but, though we hae nae dread nor fear o' soldier-officers or drammaticals, it's o' the nature o' a possibility that she will draw up wi' some young lad o' very creditable connections and conduct; but wha, for some thraw o' your ain, ye would na let her marry.—What would ye do then, Geordie? Ye would hae to settle, or ye would be a most horridable parent."

"My father, for so doing, disinherited Charles," said George gravely, and the words froze the very spirit of Dirdumwhamle.

"That's vera true, Geordie," resumed the Leddy; "a bitter business it was to us a', and was the because o' your worthy father's sore latter end. But ye ken the property's entail't; and, when it pleases the Maker to take you to Himsel, by consequence Beenie will get the estate."

" That's not so certain," replied George, jocularly looking at Dirdumwhamle;— " my wife has of late been more infirm than usual, and were I to marry again, and had male heirs—"

" Hoot, wi' your male heirs, and your snuffies; I hate the vera name o' sic things —they hae been the pests o' my life.—It would hae been a better world without them," exclaimed the Leddy, and then she added—" But we need na cast out about sic unborn babes o' Chevy Chase. Beenie's a decent lassie, and will, nae doubt, make a prudent conjugality; so a' I hae for the present is to say that I expek ye'll tak your dinner wi' us. Indeed, considering what has happened, it would na be pleasant to you to be seen on the plane-stanes the day,—for I'm really sorry to see, Geordie, that ye're no just in your right jocularity. Howsever, as we're to hae a bit ploy, I request and hope ye'll bide wi' us, and help to carve the bubbly-jock, whilk is a beast, as I hae heard your father often

say, that requir't the skill o 'a doctor, the strength o' a butcher, and the practical hand o' a Glasgow Magistrate to diject."

Nothing more particular passed before dinner, the hour of which was drawing near; but a wedding-feast is, at any time, worthy of a chapter.

CHAP. VIII.

THE conversation which the Leddy, to do her justice, had, considering her peculiar humour and character, so adroitly managed with the bride's father, did not tend to produce the happiest feelings among the conscious wedding-guests. Both the Laird of Dirdumwhamle and his wife were uneasy, and out of countenance, and the happy pair were as miserable as ever a couple of clandestine lovers, in the full possession of all their wishes, could possibly be. But their reverend grandmother, neither daunted nor dismayed, was in the full enjoyment of a triumph, and, eager in the anticipation of accomplishing, by her dexterous address, the felicitous work which, in her own opinion, she had so well begun. Accordingly, dinner was served, with an

air of glee and pride, so marked, that Kittlestonheugh was struck with it, but said nothing; and, during the whole of the dijection of the dinner, as his mother persisted in calling the carving, he felt himself frequently on the point of inquiring what had put her into such uncommon good humour. But she did not deem the time yet come for a disclosure, and went on in the most jocund spirits possible, praising the dishes, and cajoling her guests to partake.

" It's extraordinar to me, Beenie," said she to the bride, " to lo and behold you sitting as mim as a May puddock, when you see us a' here met for a blithesome occasion—and, Walky, what's come o'er thee, that thou's no a bit mair brisk than the statute o' marble-stane, that I ance saw in that sink o' deceitfulness, the Parliament House o' Embrough? As for our Meg, thy mother, she was ay one of your Moll-on-the-coals, a sigher o' sadness, and I'm none surprised to see her in the hypocondori-

cals; but for Dirdumwhamle, your respectit father, a man o' property, family, and connections—the three cardinal points o' gentileety—to be as one in doleful dumps, is sic a doolie doomster, that uncle Geordie, there whar he sits, like a sow playing on a trump, is a perfect beautiful Absalom in a sense o' comparison. Howsever, no to let us just fa' knickitty-knock, frae side to side, till our harns are splattered at the bottom o' the well o' despair—I'll gie you a toast, a thing which, but at an occasion, I ne'er think o' minting, and this toast ye maun a' mak a lippy—Geordie, my son and bairn, ye ken as weel as I ken, what a happy matrimonial your sister has had wi' Dirdumwhamle — and, Dirdumwhamle, I need na say to you, ye hae found her a winsome helpmate; and, surely Meg, Mr Milrookit has been to you a most cordial husband. Noo, what I would propose for a propine, Geordie, is, Health and happiness to Mr and Mrs Milrookit, and may they long enjoy many happy returns o' this day."

The toast was drank with great glee; but, without entering into any particular exposition of the respective feelings of the party, we shall just simply notice, as we proceed, that the Leddy gave a significant nod and a wink both to the bride and bridegroom, while the bride's father was seized with a most immoderate fit of laughing, at, what he supposed, the ludicrous eccentricity of his mother.

"Noo, Geordie, my man," continued the Leddy, "seeing ye're in sic a state o' mirth and jocundity, and knowing, as we a' know, that life is but a weaver's shuttle, and Time a wabster, that works for Death, Eternity, and Co. great wholesale merchants; but for a' that, I am creditably informed they'll be obligated, some day, to mak a sequester—Howsever, that's nane o' our concern just now,—but, Geordie, as I was saying, I would fain tell you o' an exploit."

"I am sure," said he laughing, "you never appeared to me so capable to tell it well,—what is it?"

The Leddy did not immediately reply, but looking significantly round the table, she made a short pause, and then said,—

"Do you know that ever since Adam and Eve ate the forbidden fruit, the life o' man has been growing shorter and shorter? To me—noo sax-and-seventy year auld—the monthly moon's but as a glaik on the wall—the spring but as a butterflee that taks the wings o' the morning—and a' the summer only as the tinkling o' a cymbal—as for hairst and winter, they're the shadows o' death; the whilk is an admonishment, that I should not be overly gair anent the world, but mak mysel and others happy, by taking the santified use o' what I hae—so, Geordie and Sirs, ye'll fill another glass."

Another glass was filled, and the Leddy resumed, all her guests, save her son, sitting with the solemn aspects of expectation. The countenance of Kittlestonheugh alone was bright with admiration at the

extraordinary spirits and garrulity of his mother.

"Noo, Geordie," she resumed, "as life is but a vapour, a puff out o' the stroop o' the tea-kettle o' Time—let us a' consent to mak one another happy—and there being nae likelihood that ever Jamie Walkinshaw will colleague wi' Beenie, your dochter; I would fain hope ye'll gie her and Walky there baith your benison and an aliment to mak them happy."

George pushed back his chair, and looked as fiercely and as proudly as any angry and indignant gentleman could well do; but he said nothing.

"Na," said the Leddy, "if that's the gait o't, ye shall hae't as ye will hae't.—It's no in your power to mak them unhappy."

"Mother, what do you mean?" was his exclamation.

"Just that I hae a because for what I mean; but, unless ye compose yoursel, I'll no tell you the night—and, in trouth, for

that matter, if ye dinna behave wi' mair reverence to your aged parent, and no bring my grey hairs wi' sorrow to the grave, I'll no tell you at a'."

"This is inexplicable," cried her son. "In the name of goodness, to what do you allude?—of what do you complain?"

"Muckle, muckle hae I to complain o'," was the pathetic reply. "If your worthy father had been to the fore, ye would na daur't to hae spoken wi' sic unreverence to me. But what hae I to expek in this world noo?—when the Laird lights the Leddy, so does a' the kitchen boys; and your behaviour, Geordie, is an unco warrandice to every one to lift the hoof against me in my auld days."

"Good Heavens!" cried he, "what have I done?"

"What hae ye no done?" exclaimed his mother.—"Was na my heart set on a match atween Beenie and Walky there—my ain grandchilder, and weel worthy o' ane anither; and hae na ye sworn, for

ought I ken, a triple vow that ye would ne'er gie your consent?"

"And if I have done so—she is my daughter, and I have my own reasons for doing what I have done," was his very dignified reply.

"Reasons here, or reasons there," said his mother, "I hae gude reason to know that it's no in your power to prevent it.—Noo, Beenie, and noo, Walky, down on your knees baith o' you, and mak a novelle confession that ye were married the day; and beg your father's pardon, who has been so jocose at your wedding feast, that for shame he canna refuse to conciliate, and mak a handsome aliment down on the nail."

The youthful pair did as they were desired—George looked at them for about a minute, and was unable to speak. He then threw a wild and resentful glance round the table, and started from his seat.

"Never mind him," said the Leddy,

with the most perfect equanimity; "rise, my bairns, and tak your chairs—he'll soon come to himsel."

"He'll never come to himself—he is distracted—he is ruined—his life is blasted, and his fortune destroyed," were the first words that burst from the astonished father; and he subjoined impatiently, "This cannot be true—it is impossible!—Do you trifle with me, mother?—Robina, can you have done this?"

"'Deed, Geordie, I doubt it's o'er true," replied his mother; "and it cannot be helped noo."

"But it may be punished!" was his furious exclamation.—"I will never speak to one of you again! To defraud me of my dearest purpose—to deceive my hopes—O you have made me miserable!"

"Ye'll be muckle the better o' your glass o' wine, Geordie—tak it, and compose yoursel like a decent and sedate forethinking man, as ye hae been ay reputed."

He seized the glass, and dashed it

into a thousand shivers on the table. All by this time had risen but the Leddy—she alone kept her seat and her coolness.

"The man's gaen by himsel," said she with the most matronly tranquillity.—"He has scartit and dintit my gude mahogany table past a' the power o' bees-wax and elbow grease to smooth. But, Sirs, sit down—I expekit far waur than a' this—I did na hope for ony thing like sic compository and discretion. Really, Geordie, it's heart salve to my sorrows to see that ye're a man o' a Christian meekness and resignation."

The look with which he answered this was, however, so dark, so troubled, and so lowering, that it struck terror and alarm even into his mother's bosom, and instantly silenced her vain and vexatious attempt to ridicule the tempest of his feelings.—She threw herself back in her chair, at once overawed and alarmed; and he suddenly turned round and left the house.

CHAP. IX.

The shock which the delicate frame of Mrs Walkinshaw of Kittlestonheugh received on hearing of her daughter's precipitate marriage, and the distress which it seemed to give her husband, acted as a stimulus to the malady which had so long undermined her health, and the same night she was suddenly seized with alarming symptoms. Next day the disease evidently made such rapid progress, that even the Doctors ventured to express their apprehensions of a speedy and fatal issue.

In the meantime, the Leddy was doing all in her power to keep up the spirits of the young couple, by the reiterated declaration, that, as soon as her son "had come to himsel'," as she said, "he would come down with a most genteel settlement;"

but day after day passed, and there was no indication of any relenting on his part; and Robina, as we still must continue to call her, was not only depressed with the thought of her rashness, but grieved for the effect it had produced on her mother.

None of the party, however, suffered more than the Laird of Dirdumwhamle. He heard of the acceleration with which the indisposition of Mrs Walkinshaw was proceeding to a crisis, and, knowing the sentiments of his brother-in-law with respect to male heirs, he could not disguise to himself the hazard that he ran of seeing his son cut out from the succession to the Kittlestonheugh estate; and the pang of this thought was sharpened and barbed by the reflection, that he had himself contributed and administered to an event which, but for the marriage, would probably have been procrastinated for years, during which it was impossible to say what might have happened.

At Camrachle, the news of the marriage

diffused unmingled satisfaction. Mrs Charles Walkinshaw saw in it the happy escape of her son from a connection that might have embittered his life; and cherished the hope that her brother-in-law would still continue his friendship and kindness.

Walkinshaw himself was still more delighted with the event than his mother. He laughed at the dexterity with which his grandmother had brought it about; and, exulting in the feeling of liberty which it gave to himself, he exclaimed, "We shall now see whether, indeed, my uncle was actuated towards me by the affection he professed, or by some motive of which the springs are not yet discovered."

The minister, who was present at this sally, said little; but he agreed with his young friend, that the event would soon put his uncle's affections to the test. "I cannot explain to myself," was his only observation, "why we should all so unaccountably distrust the professions of your uncle, and suppose, with so little reason,

in truth against the evidence of facts, that he is not actuated by the purest and kindest motives."

"That very suspicion," said Mrs Eadie mysteriously, "is to me a sufficient proof that he is not so sincere in his professions as he gets the credit of being. But I know not how it is, that, in this marriage, and in the sudden illness of his wife, I perceive the tokens of great good to our friends."

"In the marriage," replied the minister, "I certainly do see something which gives me reason to rejoice; but I confess that the illness of Mrs Walkinshaw does not appear to me to bode any good. On the contrary, I have no doubt, were she dying, that her husband will not be long without a young wife."

"Did not I tell you," said Mrs Eadie, turning to Mrs Charles, "that there would be a death before the good to come by Glengael, to you or yours, would be gathered? Mrs Walkinshaw of Kittlestonheugh is doomed to die soon; when this event comes

to pass, let us watch the issues and births of Time."

"You grow more and more mystical every day," said her husband pensively. "I am sorry to observe how much you indulge yourself in superstitious anticipations; you ought to struggle against them."

"I cannot," replied the majestic Leddy, with solemnity—"The mortal dwelling of my spirit is shattered, and lights and glimpses of hereafter are breaking in upon me. It has been ever so with all my mother's race. The gift is an ancient inheritance of our blood; but it comes not to us till earthly things begin to lose their hold on our affections. The sense of it is to me an assurance that the bark of life has borne me to the river's mouth. I shall now soon pass that headland, beyond which lies the open sea:—from the islands therein no one ever returns."

Mr Eadie sighed; and all present regarded her with compassion, for her be-

nign countenance was strangely pale; her brilliant eyes shone with a supernatural lustre; and there was a wild and incommunicable air in her look, mysteriously in unison with the oracular enthusiasm of her melancholy.

At this juncture a letter was handed in. It was the answer from Glengael to Mrs Eadie's application respecting Walkinshaw; and it had the effect of changing the painful tenor of the conversation.

The contents were in the highest degree satisfactory. Mr Frazer not only promised his influence, declaring that he considered himself as the agent of the family interests, but said, that he had no doubt of procuring at once the cadetcy, stating, at the same time, that the progress and complexion of the French Revolution rendered it probable that Government would find it expedient to augment the army; in which case, a commission for young Walkinshaw would be readily obtained; and he concluded with expressions of his sorrow at hear-

ing his kinswoman had of late been so unwell, urging her to visit him at Glengael Castle, to which the family was on the point of removing for the summer, and where her native air might, perhaps, essentially contribute to her recovery.

"Yes," said she, after having read the letter aloud, and congratulated Walkinshaw on the prospect which had opened.—"Yes; I will visit Glengael. The spirits of my fathers hover in the silence of those mountains, and dwell in the loneliness of the heath. A voice within has long told me, that my home is there, and I have been an exile since I left it."

"My dear Gertrude," said Mr Eadie,—"you distress me exceedingly this morning. To hear you say so pains me to the heart. It seems to imply that you have not been happy with me."

"I was happy with you," was her impressive answer. "I was happy; but then I thought the hopes of my youth had perished.—The woeful discovery that rose

like a ghost upon me withered my spirit; and the death of my children has since extinguished the love of life. Still, while the corporeal tenement remained in some degree entire, I felt not as I now feel; but the door is thrown open for my departure. I feel the airs of the world of spirits blowing in upon me; and as I look round to see if I have set my house in order, all the past of life appears in a thousand pictures; and the most vivid in the series are the sunny landscapes of my early years."

Mr Eadie saw that it was in vain to reason with his wife in such a mood; and the Walkinshaws sympathised with the tenderness that dictated his forbearance, while James turned the conversation, by proposing to his sister and Ellen, that they should walk into Glasgow next day, to pay their respects to the young couple.

Doubtless there was a little waggery at the bottom of this proposition; but there was also something of a graver feeling.—He was desirous to ascertain what effect

the marriage of Robina had produced on his uncle with respect to himself, and also to communicate, through the medium of his grandmother, the favourable result of the application to Glengael, in the hope, that, if there was any sincerity in the professions of partiality with which he had been flattered, that his uncle would assist him in his outfit either for India or the army. Accordingly, the walk was arranged as he proposed ; but the roads in the morning were so deep and sloughy, that the ladies did not accompany him ; a disappointment which, however acute it might be to him, was hailed as a God-send by the Leddy, whose troubles and vexations of spirit had, from the wedding-day, continued to increase, and still no hope of alleviation appeared.

CHAP. X.

"REALLY," said the Leddy, after Walkinshaw had told her the news, and that only the wetness of the road had prevented his sister and Ellen from coming with him to town,—"Really, Jamie, to tell you the gude's truth, though I would hae been blithe to see Mary, and that weel-bred lassie, your joe Nell Frizel—I'm very thankful they hae na come—for, unless I soon get some relief, I'll be herrit out o' house and hall wi' Beenie and Walky,—twa thoughtless wantons,—set them up wi' a clandestine marriage, in their teens! it's enough to put marriages out of fashion."

"I thought," replied Walkinshaw, playing with her humours, "that the marriage was all your own doing."

"My doing, Jamie Walkinshaw! wha

daurs to say the like o' that? I'm as clear o't as the child unborn—to be sure they were married here, but that was no fault o' mine—my twa grandchildren, it could ne'er be expected that I would let them be married on the crown-o'-the-causey—But, wasna baith his mother and father present, and is that no gospel evidence, that I was but an innocent onlooker?—No, no, Jamie, whomsoever ye hear giving me the wyte o' ony sic Gretna Green job, I redde ye put your foot on the spark, and no let it singe my character.—I'm abundantly and overmuch punished already, for the harmless jocosity, in the cost and cumbering o' their keeping."

"Well, but unless you had sanctioned their marriage, and approved o't beforehand, they would never have thought of taking up their residence with you."

"Ye're no far wrang there, Jamie; I'll no deny that I gied my approbation, and I would hae done as muckle for your happiness, had ye been o' a right conforming

spirit and married Beenie, by the whilk a' this hobbleshaw would hae been spare't; but there's a awful difference between approving o' a match, and providing a living and house-room, bed, board, and washing, for two married persons—and so, although it may be said in a sense, that I had a finger in the pye, yet every body who kens me, kens vera weel that I would ne'er hae meddled wi' ony sic gunpowder plot, had there been the least likelihood that it would bring upon me sic a heavy handful. In short, nobody, Jamie, has been more imposed upon than I hae been—I'm the only sufferer. De'il-be-lickit has it cost Dirdumwhamle, but an auld Muscovy duck, that he got sent him frae ane o' your uncle's Jamaica skippers two year ago, and it was then past laying—we smoor't it wi' ingons the day afore yesterday, but ye might as soon hae tried to mak a dinner o' a hesp o' seven heere yarn, for it was as teugh as the grannie of the cock that craw't to Peter."

"But surely," said Walkinshaw, affect-

ing to condole with her, " surely my uncle, when he has had time to cool, will come forward with something handsome."

"Surely—Na, an he dinna do that, what's to become o' me ?—Oh ! Jamie, your uncle's no a man like your worthy grandfather,—he was a saint o' a Christian disposition—when your father married against both his will and mine, he did na gar the house dirl wi' his stamp to the quaking foundation ; but on the Lord's day thereafter, took me by the arm—O! he was o' a kindly nature—and we gaed o'er thegither, and wis'd your father and mother joy, wi' a hunder pound in our hand---that was acting the parent's part !"

"But, notwithstanding all that kindness, you know he disinherited my father," replied Walkinshaw seriously, " and I am still suffering the consequences."

" The best o' men, Jamie," said the Leddy, sympathisingly, " are no perfect, and your grandfather, I'll ne'er maintain, was na a no mere man—so anent the dis-

inheritance, there was ay something I could na weel understand; for, although I had got an inkling o' the law frae my father, who was a deacon at a plea—as a' the Lords in Embro' could testificate, still there was a because in that act of sederunt and session, the whilk, in my opinion, required an interlocutor frae the Lord Ordinary to expiscate and expone, and, no doubt, had your grandfather been spare't, there would hae been a rectification.—But, waes me, the Lord took him to himsel; in the very hour when Mr Keelevin, the lawyer, was doun on his knees reading a scantling o' a new last will and settlement.—Eh! Jamie, that was a moving sight,—before I could get a pen, to put in your dying grandfather's hand, to sign the paper, he took his departal to a better world, where, we are taught to hope, there are neither lawyers nor laws."

"But if my uncle will not make a settlement on Robina, what will you do?" said Walkinshaw, laughing.

"Haud your tongue, and dinna terrify

folk wi' ony sic impossibility !" exclaimed the Leddy—" Poor man, he has something else to think o' at present. Is na your aunty brought nigh unto the gates o' death ? Would ye expek him to be thinking o' marriage settlements and wedding banquets, when death's so busy in his dwelling? Ye're an unfeeling creature, Jamie—But the army's the best place for sic graceless getts, Whan do ye begin to spend your half-crown out o' saxpence a-day ? And is Nell Frizel to carry your knapsack? Weel, I ay thought she was a cannonading character, and I'll be none surprised o' her fighting the French or the Yanky Doodles belyve, wi' a stone in the foot of a stocking, for I am most creditably informed, that that's the conduct o' the soldier's wives in the field o' battle."

It was never very easy to follow the Leddy, when she was on what the sailors call one of her jawing tacks ; and Walkinshaw, who always enjoyed her company most when she was in that humour, felt

little disposed to interrupt her. In order, however, to set her off in a new direction, he said,—" But, when I get my appointment, I hope you'll give me something to buy a sword, which is the true bride o' a soldier."

" And a poor tocher he gets wi' her," said the Leddy ;—" wounds and bruises, and putrefying sores, to make up a pack for beggary. No doubt, howsever, but I maun break the back o' a guinea for you."

" Nay, I expect you'll give your old friend, Robin Carrick, a forenoon's call. I'll not be satisfied if you don't."

" Well, if e'er I heard sic a stand-and-deliver-like speech since ever I was born,"—exclaimed his grandmother. " Did I think, when I used to send the impudent smytcher, wi' my haining o' twa three pounds to the bank, that he was contriving to commit sic a highway robbery on me at last ?"

" But," said Walkinshaw, " I have al-

ways heard you say, that there should be no stepbairns in families. Now, as you are so kind to Robina and Walky, it can never be held fair if you tie up your purse to me."

"Thou's a wheedling creature, Jamie," replied the Leddy, "and nae doubt I maun do my duty, as every body knows I hae ay done, to a' my family; but I'll soon hae little to do't wi', if the twa new married eating moths are ordain't to devour a' my substance. But there's ae thing I'll do for thee, the whilk may be far better than making noughts in Robin Carrick's books. I'll gang out to the Kittlestonheugh, and speir for thy aunty; and though thy uncle, like a bull of Bashan, said he would not speak to me, I'll gar him fin' the weight o' a mother's tongue, and maybe, through my persuadgeon, he may be wrought to pay for thy sword and pistols, and other sinews o' war. For, to speak the truth, I'm wearying to mak a clean breast wi' him, and to tell him o' his unnaturality to his own

dochter; and what's far waur, the sin, sorrow, and iniquity, of allooing me, his aged parent, to be rookit o' plack and bawbee by twa glaikit jocklandys that dinna care what they burn, e'en though it were themselves."

But, before the Leddy got this laudable intention carried into effect, her daughter-in-law, to the infinite consternation of Dirdumwhamle, died; and, for some time after that event, no opportunity presented itself, either for her to be delivered of her grudge, or for any mutual friend to pave the way to a reconciliation. Young Mrs Milrookit saw her mother, and received her last blessing; but it was by stealth, and unknown to her father. So that, altogether, it would not have been easy, about the period of the funeral, to have named in all the royal city a more constipated family, as the Leddy assured all her acquaintance, the Walkinshaws and Milrookits, were baith in root and branch, herself being the wizent and forlorn trunk o' the tree.

CHAP. XI.

ON the day immediately after the funeral of her sister-in-law, Mrs Charles Walkinshaw was surprised by a visit from the widower.

"I am come," said he, "partly to relieve my mind from the weight that oppresses it, arising from an occurrence to which I need not more particularly allude, and partly to vindicate myself from the harsh insinuations of James. He will find that I have not been so sordid in my views as he so unaccountably and so unreasonably supposed, and that I am still disposed to act towards him in the same liberal spirit I have ever done. What is the result of the application to Mrs Eadie's friend? And is there any way by which I can be rendered useful in the business?"

This was said in an off-hand man-of-the-world way. It was perfectly explicit. It left no room for hesitation; but still it was not said in such a manner as to bring with it the comfort it might have done to the meek and sensitive bosom of the anxious mother.

"I know not in what terms to thank you," was her answer, diffidently and doubtingly expressed. "Your assistance certainly would be most essential to James, for, now that he has received a commission in the King's army, I shall be reduced to much difficulty."

"In the King's army! I thought he was going to India?" exclaimed her brother-in-law, evidently surprised.

"So it was originally intended; but," said the mother, "Mr Frazer thought, in the present state of Europe, that it would be of more advantage for him to take his chance in the regular army; and has in consequence obtained a commission in a regiment that is to be immediately increased.

He has, indeed, proved a most valuable friend ; for, as the recruiting is to be in the Highlands, he has invited James to Glengael, and is to afford him his countenance to recruit among his dependants, assuring Mrs Eadie that, from the attachment of the adherents of the family, he has no doubt that, in the course of the summer, James may be able to entitle himself to a Company, and then"——

This is very extraordinary friendship, thought the Glasgow merchant to himself. These Highlanders have curious ideas about friendship and kindred ; but, nevertheless, when things are reduced to their money price, they are just like other people. "But," said he aloud, "what do you mean is to take place when James has obtained a Company ?"

"I suppose," replied the gentle widow timidly, she knew not wherefore, "that he will then not object to the marriage of James and Ellen."

"I think," said her brother-in-law, "he

ought to have gone to India. Were he still disposed to go there, my purse shall be open to him."

"He could not hope for such rapid promotion as he may obtain through the means of Glengael," replied Mrs Charles somewhat firmly; so steadily, indeed, that it disconcerted the Laird; still he preserved his external equanimity, and said,—

"Nevertheless, I am willing to assist his views in whichever way they lie. What has become of him?"

Mrs Charles then told him that, in consequence of the very encouraging letter from Mr Frazer, Walkinshaw had gone to mention to his father's old friend, who had the vessel fitting out for New York, the change that had taken place in his destination, and to solicit a loan to help his outfit.

Her brother-in-law bit his lips at this information. He had obtained no little reputation among his friends for the friendship which he had shown to his unfortu-

nate brother's family; and all those who knew his wish to accomplish a match between James and his daughter, sympathised in sincerity with his disappointment. But something, it would not be easy to say what, troubled him when he heard this, and he said,—

"I think James carries his resentment too far. I had certainly done him no ill, and he might have applied to me before going to a stranger."

"Favours," replied the widow, "owe all their grace and gratitude to the way in which they are conferred. James has peculiar notions, and perhaps he has felt more from the manner in which you spoke to him than from the matter you said."

"Let us not revert to that subject—it recals mortifying reflections, and the event cannot be undone. But do you then think Mr Frazer will consent to allow his daughter to marry James? She is an uncommonly fine girl, and, considering the family connections, surely might do better."

This was said in an easy disengaged style, but it was more assumed than sincere; indeed, there was something in it implying an estimate of considerations, independent of affections, which struck so disagreeably on the feelings, that his delicate auditor did not very well know what to say; but she added,—

"James intends, as soon as we are able to make the necessary arrangements, to set out for Glengael Castle, which, being in a neighbourhood where there are many old officers, he will be able to procure some information with respect to the best mode of proceeding with his recruiting; and Mr Frazer has kindly said that it will be for his advantage to start from the castle."

"I suppose Miss Frazer will accompany him?" replied the widower drily.

"No," said his sister-in-law, "she does not go till she accompanies Mrs Eadie, who intends to pass the summer at Glengael."

"I am glad of that; her presence might interfere with his duty."

"Whom do you mean?" inquired Mrs Charles, surprised at the remark; "whose presence?" and she subjoined smilingly, "You are thinking of Ellen; and you will hardly guess that we are all of opinion here that both she and Mrs Eadie might be of great use to him on the spot. Mrs Eadie is so persuaded of it, that the very circumstance of their marriage being dependent on his raising a sufficient number of men to entitle him to a company, would, she says, were it known, make the sons of her father's clansmen flock around him."

"It is to be deplored, that a woman, who still retains so many claims, both on her own account, and the high respectability of her birth, should have fallen into such a decay of mind," said the merchant, at a loss for a more appropriate comment on his sister-in-law's intimation.—"But," continued he, "do not let James apply to any other person. I am ready and willing to advance all he may require; and, since it is determined that he ought immediately

to avail himself of Mr Frazer's invitation, let him lose no time in setting off for Glengael. This, I trust," said he in a gayer humour, which but ill suited with his deep mourning, "will assure both him and Miss Frazer, that I am not so much their enemy as perhaps they have been led to imagine."

Soon after this promise the widower took his leave; but, although his whole behaviour during the visit was unexpectedly kind and considerate, and although it was impossible to withhold the epithet of liberality—nay more, even of generosity—from his offer, still it did not carry that gladness to the widow's heart which the words and the assurance were calculated to convey. On the contrary, Mrs Charles sat for some time ruminating on what had passed; and when, in the course of about an hour after, Ellen Frazer, who had been walking on the brow of the hazel bank with Mary, came into the parlour, she looked at her for some time without speaking.

The walk had lent to the complexion of Ellen a lively rosy glow. The conversation which she had held with her companion related to her lover's hopes of renown, and it had excited emotions that at once sparkled in her eyes and fluctuated on her cheek. Her lips were vivid and smiling; her look was full of intelligence and naivéte—simple at once and elegant—gay, buoyant, and almost as sly as artless, and a wreath, if the expression may be allowed, of those nameless graces in which the charms of beauty are mingled with the allurements of air and manners, garlanded her tall and blooming form.

She seemed to the mother of her lover a creature so adorned with loveliness and nobility, that it was impossible to imagine she was not destined for some higher sphere than the humble fortunes of Walkinshaw. But in that moment the mother herself forgot the auspices of her own youth, and how seldom it is that even beauty, the most palpable of all human

excellence, obtains its proper place, or the homage of the manly heart that Nature meant it should enjoy.

MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S S... MAHAL * THE TANJORE

CHAP. XII.

Mr Walkinshaw had not left Camrachle many minutes when his nephew appeared. James had in fact returned from Glasgow, while his uncle was in the house, but, seeing the carriage at the door, he purposely kept out of the way till it drove off.

His excursion had not been successful. He found his father's old acquaintance sufficiently cordial in the way of inquiries, and even disposed to sympathise with him, when informed of his determination to go abroad; but when the army was mentioned the merchant's heart froze; and after a short pause, and the expression of some frigiverous observations with respect to the licentiousness of the military life, it was suggested that his uncle was the

proper quarter to apply to. In this crisis, their conversation was interrupted by the entrance of a third party, when Walkinshaw retired.

During his walk back to Camrachle, his heart was alternately sick and saucy, depressed and proud.

He could not conceive how he had been so deluded, as to suppose that he had any right to expect friendship from the gentleman he had applied to. He felt that in so doing he acted with the greenness of a boy, and he was mortified at his own softness. Had there been any reciprocity of obligations between his father and the gentleman, the case would have been different. "Had they been for forty or fifty years," thought he, "in the mutual interchange of mercantile dependance, then perhaps I might have had some claim, and, no doubt, it would have been answered, but I was a fool to mistake civilities for friendship." Perhaps, however, had the case been even

as strong as he put it, he might still have found himself quite as much deceived."

"As to making any appeal to my uncle, that was none of his business," said he to himself. "I did not ask the fellow for advice, I solicited but a small favour. There is no such heart-scalding insolence as in refusing a solicitation, to refer the suppliant to others, and with prudential admonitions too—curse him who would beg, were it not to avoid doing worse."

This brave humour lasted for the length of more than a mile's walk, during which the young soldier marched briskly along, whistling courageous tunes, and flourishing his stick with all the cuts of the broadsword, lopping the boughs of the hedges, as if they had been the limbs of Frenchmen, and switching away the heads of the thistles and benweeds in his path, as if they had been Parisian carmagnols, against whom, at that period, the loyalty of the British bosom was beginning to grow fretful and testy.

But the greater part of the next mile was less animated—occasionally, cowardly thoughts glimmered paly through the glorious turbulence of youthful heroism, and once or twice he paused and looked back towards Glasgow, wondering if there was any other in all that great city, who might be disposed to lend him the hundred pounds he had begged for his outfit.

"There is not one," said he, and he sighed, but in a moment after he exclaimed, "and who the devil cares? It does not do for soldiers to think much; let them do their duty at the moment; that's all they have to think of; I will go on in the track I have chosen, and trust to fortune for a windfall;" again "In the Garb of Old Gaul" was gallantly whistled, and again the hedges and thistles felt the weight of his stick.

But as he approached Camrachle, his mood shifted into the minor key, and when the hazel-bank and the ash-trees, with the nests of the magpies in them, appeared in sight, the sonorous bravery of the High-

land march became gradually modulated into a low and querulous version of "Lochaber no more," and when he discovered the carriage at his mother's door, his valour so subsided into boyish bashfulness, that he shrunk away, as we have already mentioned, and did not venture to go home, till he saw that his uncle had left the house.

On his entrance, however, he received a slight sensation of pleasure, at seeing both his mother and sister with more comfort in their looks than he had expected, and he was, in consequence, able to tell them, with comparative indifference, the failure of his mission. His mother then related what had passed with his uncle.

The news perplexed Walkinshaw; they contradicted the opinion he had so warmly felt and expressed of his uncle; they made him feel he had acted rashly and ungratefully—but still such strange kindness occasioned a degree of dubiety, which lessened the self-reproaches of his contrition,

"However," said he, with a light and joyous heart, "I shall not again trouble either myself or him, as I have done; but in this instance, at least, he has acted disinterestedly, and I shall cheerfully avail myself of his offer, because it is generous—I accept it also as encouragement—after my disappointment, it is a happy omen; I will take it as a brave fellow does his bounty-money—a pledge from Fortune of some famous 'all hail hereafter.'"

What his sentiments would have been, had he known the tenor of his uncle's mind at that moment,—could he even but have suspected that the motive which dictated such seeming generosity, so like an honourable continuance of his former partiality, was prompted by a wish to remove him as soon as possible from the company of Ellen Frazer, in order to supplant him in her affections, we need not attempt to imagine how he would have felt. It is happy for mankind, that they know so little of the ill said of them behind their backs, by one another, and of

the evil that is often meditated in satire and in malice, and still oftener undertaken from motives of interest and envy. Walkinshaw rejoicing in the good fortune that had so soon restored the alacrity of his spirits—so soon wiped away the corrosive damp of disappointment from its brightness—did not remain long with his mother and sister, but hastened to communicate the inspiring tidings to Ellen Frazer.

She was standing on the green in front of the manse, when she saw him coming bounding towards her, waving his hat in triumph and exultation, and she put on a grave face, and looked so rebukingly, that he halted abruptly, and said—"What's the matter?"

"It's very ridiculous to see any body behaving so absurdly," was her cool and solemn answer.

"But I have glorious news to tell you; my uncle has come forward in the handsomest manner, and all's clear for action."

This was said in an animated manner, and intended to upset her gravity, which, from his knowledge of her disposition, he suspected, was a sinless hypocrisy, put on only to teaze him. But she was either serious or more resolute in her purpose than he expected; for she replied with the most chastising coolness,—

"I thought you were never to have any thing to say again to your uncle?"

Walkinshaw felt this pierce deeper than it was intended to do, and he reddened exceedingly, as he said, awkwardly.

"True! but I have done him injustice; and had he not been one of the best dispositioned men, he would never have continued his kindness to me as he has done; for I treated him harshly."

"It says but little for you, that, after enjoying his good-will so long, you should have thrown his favours at him, and so soon after be obliged to confess you have done him wrong."

Walkinshaw hung his head, still more

and more confused. There was too much truth in the remark not to be felt as a just reproach; and, moreover, he thought it somewhat hard, as his folly had been on her account, that she should so taunt him. But Ellen, perceiving she had carried the joke a little too far, threw off her disguise, and, with one of her most captivating looks and smiles, said,—"Now, that I have tamed you into rational sobriety, let's hear what you have got to say. Men should never be spoken to when they are huzzaing. Remember the lesson when you are with your regiment."

What further followed befits not our desultory pen to rehearse; but, during this recital of what had taken place at Glasgow, and the other incidents of the day, the lovers unconsciously strayed into the minister's garden, where a most touching and beautiful dialogue ensued, of which having lost our notes, we regret, on account of our fair readers, and all his Majesty's subalterns, who have not yet join-

ed, that we cannot furnish a transcript.—The result, however, was, that, when Ellen returned into the manse, after parting from Walkinshaw, her beautiful eyes looked red and watery, and two huge tears tumbled out of them, when she told her aunt that he intended to set off for Glengael in the course of two or three days.

CHAP. XIII.

Next day Walkinshaw found himself constrained, by many motives, to go into Glasgow, in order to thank his uncle for the liberality of his offer, and, in accepting it, to ask pardon for the rudeness of his behaviour.

His reception in the counting-house was all he could have wished ; it was even more cordial than the occasion required, and the cheque given, as the realization of the promise, considerably exceeded the necessary amount. Emboldened by so much kindness, Walkinshaw, who felt for his cousins, and really sympathised with the Leddy under the burden of expence which she had brought upon herself, ventured to intercede in their behalf, and he was gratified with his uncle's answer.

"I am pleased, James," said he, "that you take so great an interest in them; but, make your mind easy, for, although I have been shamefully used, and cannot but long resent it, still, as a man, I ought not to indulge my anger too far. I, therefore, give you liberty to go and tell them, that, although I do not mean to hold any intercourse with Robina and her husband, I have, nevertheless, ordered my man of business to prepare a deed of settlement on her, such as I ought to make on my daughter."

Walkinshaw believed, when he heard this, that he possessed no faculty whatever to penetrate the depths of character, so bright and shining did all the virtues of his uncle at that moment appear;—virtues of which, a month before, he did not conceive he possessed a single spark. It may, therefore, be easily imagined, that he hastened with light steps and long strides towards his grandmother's house, to communicate the generous tidings. But, on reach-

ing the door, he met the old lady, wrapped up, as it seemed, for a journey, with her maid, coming out, carrying a small trunk under her arm. On seeing him, she made a movement to return; but, suddenly recollecting herself, she said,—"Jamie, I hae nae time, for I'm gaun to catch the Greenock flying coach at the Black Bull, and ye can come wi' me."

"But, what has become o' Robina?" cried he, surprised at this intelligence and sudden movement.

His grandmother took hold of him by the arm, and giving it an indescribable squeeze of exultation, said,—"I'll tell you, it's just a sport. They would need long spoons that sup parridge wi' the de'il, or the like o' me, ye maun ken. I was just like to be devour't into beggary by them. Ae frien' after another calling, glasses o' wine ne'er devauling; the corks playing clunk in the kitchen frae morning to night, as if they had been in a change-house on a fair-day. I could stand it no longer. So yesterday,

when that nabal, Dirdumwhamle, sent us a pair o' his hunger't hens, I told baith Beenie and Walky, that they were obligated to go and thank their parents, and to pay them a marriage visit for a day or twa, although we're a' in black for your aunty, her mother; and so this morning I got them off, Lord be praised; and I am noo on my way to pay a visit to Miss Jenny Purdie, my cousin, at Greenock."

"Goodness! and is this to throw poor Beenie and Walky adrift?" exclaimed Walkinshaw.

"Charity, Jamie, my bairn, begins at hame, and they hae a nearer claim on Dirdumwhamle, who is Walky's lawful father, than on me; so e'en let them live upon him till I invite them back again."

"Walkinshaw, though really shocked, he could not tell why, was yet so tickled by the Leddy's adroitness, that he laughed most immoderately, and was unable for some time in consequence to communicate

the message, of which he was the joyous bearer; but when he told her, she exclaimed,—

"Na, if that's the turn things hae ta'en, I'll defer my visit to Miss Jenny for the present; so we'll return back. For surely, baith Beenie and Walky will no be destitute of a' consideration when they come to their kingdom, for the dreadfu' cost and outlay that I hae been at the last five weeks. But, if they're guilty o' sic niggerality, I'll mak out a count—bed, board, and washing, at five and twenty shillings a-week, Mrs Scrimpit, the minister's widow of Toomgarnels, tells me, would be a charge o' great moderation;—and if they pay't, as pay't they shall, or I'll hae them for an affront to the Clerk's Chambers; ye's get the whole half o't, Jamie, to buy yoursel a braw Andrew Ferrara. But I marvel, wi' an exceeding great joy, at this cast o' grace that's come on your uncle. For, frae the hour he saw the light, he was o' a most voracious nature

for himsel; and while the fit lasts, I hope ye'll get him to do something for you."

Walkinshaw then told her not only what his uncle had done, but with the ardour in which the free heart of youth delights to speak of favours, he recapitulated all the kind and friendly things that had been said to him.

" Jamie, Jamie, I ken your uncle Geordie better than you,—for I hae been his mother. It's no for a courtesy o' causey clash that he's birling his mouldy pennies in sic firlots,—tak my word for't."

" There is no possible advantage can arise to him from his kindness to me."

" That's to say, my bairn, that ye hae na a discerning spirit to see't; but if ye had the second sight o' experience as I hae, ye would fin' a whaup in the nest, or I am no a Christian sister, bapteesed Girzel."

By this time they had returned to the house, and the maid having unlocked the door, and carried in the trunk, Walkinshaw followed his grandmother into the

parlour, with the view of enjoying what she herself called, the observes of her phlosification; but the moment she had taken her seat, instead of resuming the wonted strain of her jocular garrulity, she began to sigh deeply, and weep bitterly, a thing which he never saw her do before, but in a way that seldom failed to amuse him; on this occasion, however, her emotion was unaffected, and it moved him to pity her. "What's the matter with you?" said he, kindly;—she did not, however, make any answer for some time, but at last she said,—

"Thou's gaun awa to face thy faes,—as the sang sings, 'far far frae me and Logan braes,'—and I am an aged person, and may ne'er see thee again; and I am wae to let thee gang, for though thou was ay o' a nature that had nae right reverence for me, a deevil's buckie, my heart has ay warm't to thee mair than to a' the lave o' my grandchildren; but it's no in my power to do for thee as thy uncle has done, though

it's well known to every one that kens me, that I hae a most generous heart,—far mair than e'er he had,—and I would na part wi' thee without hanselling thy knapsack. Hegh, Sirs! little did I think whan the pawkie laddie spoke o' my bit gathering wi' Robin Carrick, that it was in a sincerity; but thou's get a part. I'll no let thee gang without a solid benison, so tak the key, and gang into the scrutoire and bring out the pocket-book."

Walkinshaw was petrified, but did as he was desired; and, having given her the pocket-book, sewed by his aunt, Mrs Milrookit, at the boarding-school, she took several of Robin's promissory-notes out, and looking them over, presented him with one for fifty pounds.

"Now, Jamie Walkinshaw," said she, "if ye spend ae plack o' that like a prodigal son,—it's no to seek what I will say whan ye come back,—but I doot I doot, lang before that day I'll be deep and dumb

aneath the yird, and naither to see nor hear o' thy weel or thy woe."

So extraordinary and unlooked-for an instance of liberality on the part of his grandmother, together with the unfeigned feeling by which she was actuated, quite overwhelmed Walkinshaw, and he stood holding the bill in his hand, unable to speak. In the meantime, she was putting up her other bills, and, in turning them over, seeing one for forty-nine pounds, she said, "Jamie, forty-nine pounds is a' the same as fifty to ane that pays his debts by the roll of a drum, so tak this, and gie me that back."

CHAP. XIV.

THE time between the visit to Glasgow and the departure of Walkinshaw for Glengael was the busiest period that had occurred in the annals of Camrachle from the placing of Mr Eadie in the cure of the parish. To the young men belonging to the hamlet, who had grown up with Walkinshaw, it was an era of great importance; and some of them doubted whether he ought not to have beaten up for recruits in a neighbourhood where he was known rather than in the Highlands. But the elder personages, particularly the matrons, were thankful that the Lord was pleased to order it differently.

His mother and sister, with the assistance of Ellen Frazer, were more thriftily engaged in getting his baggage ready; and

although the sprightliness of Ellen never sparkled more brilliantly for the amusement of her friends, there were moments when her bosom echoed in a low soft murmur to the sigh of anxiety that frequently burst from his mother's breast.

Mr Eadie was not the least interested in the village. He seemed as if he could not give his pupil advice enough, and Walkinshaw thought he had never before been so tiresome. They took long walks together, and ever and anon the burden of the worthy minister's admonition was the sins and deceptions of the world, and the moral perils of a military life.

But no one—neither tutor, mother, nor amorosa—appeared so profoundly occupied with the event as Mrs Eadie, whose majestic intellect was evidently touched with the fine frenzy of a superstition at once awful and elevated. She had dreams of the most cheering augury, though all the incidents were wild and funereal; and she interpreted the voices of the birds and the

chattering of the magpies in language more oriental and coherent than Macpherson's Ossian.

The moon had changed on the day on which Walkinshaw went into Glasgow, and she watched the appearance of its silver rim with the most mysterious solicitude. Soon after sun-set on the third evening, as she was sitting on a tombstone in the churchyard with Mr Eadie, she discovered it in the most favourable aspect of the Heavens, and in the very position which assured the most fortunate issues to all undertakings commenced at its change.

"So it appears," said she, "like a boat, and it is laden with the old moon—that betokens a storm."

"But when?" said her husband with a sigh, mournfully disposed to humour the aberrations of her fancy.

"The power is not yet given to me to tell," was her solemn response. "But the sign is a witness that the winds of the skies shall perform some dreadful agency

in the fortunes of all enterprises ruled by this lunar influence. Had the moon been first seen but as a portion of a broken ring, I would have veiled my face, and deplored the omen. She comes forth, however, in her brightness—a silver boat sailing the azure depths of the Heavens, and bearing a rich lading of destiny to the glorious portals of the sun."

At that moment a cow looked over the churchyard wall, and lowed so close to Mr Eadie's ear, that it made him start and laugh. Instead, however, of disturbing the Pythian mood of his lady, it only served to deepen it ; but she said nothing, though her look intimated that she was offended by his levity.

After a pause of several minutes she rose, and moved towards the gate without accepting his proffered arm.

" I am sorry," said he, " that you are displeased with me ; but really the bathos of that cow was quite irresistible."

" Do you think," was her mystical reply,

"that an animal, which, for good reasons, the wise Egyptians hardly erred in worshipping, made to us but an inarticulate noise? It was to me a prophetic salutation. On the morning before my father left Glengael to join the royal standard, I heard the same sound. An ancient woman, my mother's nurse, and one of her own blood, told me that it was a fatal enunciation for then the moon was in the wane; but heard, she said, when the new moon is first seen, it is the hail of a victory or a bridal."

"It is strange," replied the minister, unguardedly attempting to reason with her, "that the knowledge of these sort of occurrences should be almost exclusively confined to the inhabitants of the Highlands."

"It is strange," said she; "but no one can expound the cause. The streamers of the northern light shine not in southern skies."

At that moment she shuddered, and, grasping the minister wildly by the arm,

she seemed to follow some object with her eye that was moving past them.

"What's the matter—what do you look at?" he exclaimed with anxiety and alarm.

"I thought it was Walkinshaw's uncle," said she with a profound and heavy sigh, as if her very spirit was respiring from a trance.

"It was nobody," replied the minister thoughtfully.

"It was his wraith," said Mrs Eadie.

The tone in which this was expressed curdled his very blood, and he was obliged to own to himself, in despite of the convictions of his understanding, that there are more things in the heavens and the earth than philosophy can yet explain; and he repeated the quotation from Hamlet, partly to remove the impression which his levity had made.

"I am glad to hear you allow so much," rejoined Mrs Eadie; "and I think you must admit that of late I have given you many proofs in confirmation. Did I not

tell you when the cock crowed on the roof of our friend's cottage, that we should soon hear of some cheerful change in the lot of the inmates? and next day came Walkinshaw from Glasgow with the news of the happy separation from his uncle. On the evening before I received my letter from Glengael, you may well remember the glittering star that announced it in the candle. As sure as the omen in the crowing of the cock, and the shining of that star, were fulfilled, will the auguries which I have noted be found the harbingers of events."

Distressing as these shadows and gleams of lunacy were to those by whom Mrs Eadie was justly beloved and venerated, to herself they afforded a high and holy delight. Her mind, during the time the passion lasted, was to others obscure and oracular. It might be compared to the moon in the misty air when she is surrounded with a halo, and her light loses its silveryness, and invests the landscape

with a shroudy paleness and solemnity. But Mrs Eadie felt herself as it were ensphered in the region of spirits, and moving amidst marvels and mysteries sublimer than the faculties of ordinary mortals could explore.

The minister conducted his wife to the house of Walkinshaw's mother, where she went to communicate the agreeable intelligence, as she thought, of the favourable aspect of the moon, as it had appeared to her Highland astrology. But he was so distressed by the evident increase of her malady, that he did not himself immediately go in. Indeed, it was impossible for him not to acknowledge, even to the most delicate suggestions of his own mind towards her, that she was daily becoming more and more fascinated by her visionary contemplations; and in consequence, after taking two or three turns in the village, he determined to advise her to go with Walkinshaw to Glengael, in the hope that the change of circumstances, and the

interest that she might take once more in the scenes of her youth, would draw her mind from its wild and wonderful imaginings, and fix her attention again on objects calculated to inspire more sober, but not less affecting, feelings.

CHAP. XV.

THE result of Mr Eadie's reflections was a proposition to Walkinshaw to delay his journey for a day or two, until Mrs Eadie could be prepared to accompany him; but, when the subject was mentioned to her, she declared the most decided determination not to trouble the tide of his fortune by any interposition of hers which had been full of disappointments and sorrows. From whatever sentiment this feeling arose, it was undoubtedly dictated by magnanimity; for it implied a sense of sacrifice on her part; nevertheless, it was arranged, that, although Walkinshaw should set out at the time originally fixed, Mrs Eadie, accompanied by Ellen Frazer, should follow him to Glengael as soon after as possible.

To the lovers this was no doubt delightful; but, when the Laird of Kittlestonheugh heard of it in Glasgow, it disturbed him exceedingly. The departure of Ellen Frazer from Camrachle to Glengael, where his nephew was for a time to fix his headquarters, was an occurrence that he had not contemplated, and still less, if any degree can exist in an absolute negative, that the minister's insane wife should accompany her.

A circumstance, however, occurred at the time, which tended materially to diminish his anxieties: A number of gentlemen belonging to the royal city had projected a sea excursion in Allan M'Lean's pilot boat, and one of the party proposed to Kittlestonheugh that he should be of their party —for they were all friends, and sympathised, of course, with the most heartfelt commiseration, for the loss he had sustained in his wife, who had been nearly twenty years almost as much dead as alive, and particularly in the grief he suffered

by the injudicious marriage of his daughter. George, with his habitual suavity, accepted the invitation; and on the self-same day that our friend and personal acquaintance Walkinshaw set off in the coach from the classical and manufacturing town (as we believe Gibbon the historian yclyped the royal city) for the soi-disant intellectual metropolis and modern Athens of Edinburgh, his uncle embarked at the stair of the west quay of Greenock.

What stores were laid in by those Glasgow Argonautics—what baskets of limes, what hampers of wine and rum, and loaves of sugar, and cheese and bacon hams, with a modicum of biscuit, we must leave for some more circumstantial historian to describe. Sufficient for us, and for all acquainted with the munificent consideration of the Glottiani for themselves, is the fact, that seven of the primest magnates of the royal city embarked together to enjoy the sea air, and the appetite consequent thereon, in one of the best sailing and

best navigated schooners at that time on the west of Scotland. Whether any of them, in the course of the voyage, suffered the affliction of sea-sickness, we have never heard ; but from our own opinion, believing the thing probable, we shall not enter into any controversy on the subject. There was, to be sure, some rumour shortly after, that, off Ailsa, they did suffer from one kind of malady or another; but whether from eating of that delicious encourager of appetite, solan goose—the most savoury product of the rocky pyramid—or from a stomatique inability to withstand the tossings of the sea, we have never received any satisfactory explanation. Be this, however, as it may, no jovial free-hearted, good kind of men, ever enjoyed themselves better than the party aboard the pilot boat.

They traversed the picturesque Kyles of Bute—coasted the shores of Cantyre—touched at the beautiful port of Campbelton—doubled the cliffy promontory—pass-

ed Gigha—left Isla on the left—navigated the sound of Jura—prudently kept along the romantic coast of Lorn and Appin—sailed through the sound of Mull—drank whisky at Rum—and, afraid of the beds and bowls of the hospitable Skye, cast anchor in Gareloch. What more they did, and where they farther navigated the iron shores and tusky rocks of the headlands, that grin in unsatiated hunger upon the waves and restless waters of the Minch, we shall not here pause to describe. Let it be enough that they were courageously resolved to double Cape Wrath, and to enjoy the midnight twilights, and the smuggled gin of Kirkwall;—the aurora borealis of the hyperborean region, with the fresh ling of Tamy Tomson's cobble boat at Hoy, and the silvery glimpses of Ursa Major; together with the tasty whilks and lampets that Widow Calder o' the Foul Anchor at Stromness, assured her customers in all her English—were pickled to a concupiscable state of excellence. Our immediate

duty is to follow the steps of the Laird's nephew; and without entering upon any unnecessary details,—our readers, we trust, have remarked, that we entertain a most commendable abhorrence of all circumstantiality,—we shall allow Allan M'Lean and his passengers to go where it pleased themselves, while we return to Camrachle; not that we have much more to say respecting what passed there, than that Walkinshaw, as had been previously arranged, set out alone for Glengael Castle, in Inverness-shire; the parting from his mother and sister being considerably alleviated by the reflection, that Ellen Frazer, in attendance on Mrs Eadie, was soon to follow him. Why this should have given him any particular pleasure, we cannot understand; but, as the young man, to speak prosaically, was in love, possibly there are some juvenile persons capable of entering into his feelings. Not, however, knowing, of our own knowledge, what is meant by the phrase—we must just thus simply ad-

vert to the fact; expressing, at the same time, a most philosophical curiosity to be informed what it means, and why it is that young gentlemen and ladies, in their teens, should be more liable to the calamity than personages of greater erudition in the practices of the world.

CHAP. XVI.

In the summer of the year 1793, we have some reason to believe that the rugging and riving times of antiquity were so well over in the north of Scotland, that, not only might any one of his Majesty's subalterns travel there on the recruiting service, but even any spinster, not less than threescore, without let, hindrance, or molestation, to say nothing of personal violence; we shall not, therefore, attempt to seduce the tears of our fair readers, with a sentimental description of the incidents which befell our friend Walkinshaw, in his journey from Camrachle to Glengael, except to mention, in a parenthetical way, that, when he alighted from the Edinburgh coach at the canny twa and twae toun of

Aberdeenawa, he had some doubt if the inhabitants spoke any Christian language.

Having remained there a night and part of a day, to see the place, and to make an arrangement with the host of an hostel, for a man and gig, to take him to Glengael Castle, he turned his face towards the north-west, and soon entered, what to him appeared, a new region. Mrs Eadie had supplied him with introductory letters to all her kith and kin, along the line of his route, and the recommendations of the daughter of the old Glengael were billets on the hospitality and kindness of the country. They were even received as the greatest favours by those who knew her least, so cherished and so honoured was the memory of the ill-fated chieftain, among the descendants of that brave and hardy race, who suffered in the desolation of the clans at Culloden.

The appearance and the natural joyous spirits of Walkinshaw endeared him to the families at the houses where he stopped on

his way to Glengael, and his journey was, in consequence, longer and happier than he expected. On the afternoon of the ninth day after leaving Aberdeen, he arrived at the entrance of the rugged valley, in which the residence of Mr Frazer was situated.

During the morning, he had travelled along the foot of the mountains and patches of cultivation, and here and there small knots of larches, recently planted, served to vary the prospect and enliven his journey; but as he approached the entrance to Glengael, these marks of civilization and improvement gradually became rarer. When he entered on the land that had been forfeited, they entirely disappeared, for the green spots that chequered the heath there were as the graves of a race that had been rooted out or slaughtered. They consisted of the scites of cottages, which the soldiers of the Duke of Cumberland's army had plundered and burnt in the year Forty-five.

The reflections which these monuments

of fidelity awakened in the breast of the young soldier, as the guide explained to him what they were, saddened his spirit, and the scene which opened, when he entered the cliffy pass that led into Glengael, darkened it more and more. It seemed to him as if he was quitting the habitable world, and passing into the realms, not merely of desolation, but of silence and herbless sterility. A few tufts of heath and fern among the rocks, in the bottom of the glen, showed that it was not absolutely the valley of death.

The appearance of the lowering steeps, that hung their loose crags over the road, was as if some elder mountains had been crushed into fragments, and the wreck thrown in torrents, to fill up that dreary, soundless, desolate solitude, where nature appeared a famished skeleton, pining amidst poverty and horror.

But, after travelling for two or three miles through this interdicted chasm, the cliffs began to recede, and on turning a lof-

ty projecting rock, his ears were gladdened with the sound of a small torrent that was leaping in a hundred cascades down a ravine fringed with birch and hazel. From that point verdure began to reappear, and as the stream in its course was increased by other mountain rivulets, the scenery of the glen gradually assumed a more refreshing aspect. The rocks became again shaggy with intermingled heath and brambles, and the stately crimson foxglove, in full blossom, rose so thickly along the sides of the mountains, that Walkinshaw, unconscious that it was from the effect of their appearance, began to dream in his reverie of guarded passes, and bloody battles, and picquets of red-coated soldiers bivouacking on the hills.

But his attention was soon roused from these heroical imaginings by a sudden turn of the road, laying open before him the glassy expanse of an extensive lake, and on the summit of a lofty rocky peninsula, which projected far into its bosom, the walls and turrets of Glengael.

From the desolate contrast of the pass he had travelled, it seemed to him that he had never beheld a landscape so romantic and beautiful. The mountains, from the margin of the water, were green to their summits, and a few oaks and firs around the castle enriched the picturesque appearance of the little promontory on which it stood. Beyond a distant vista of the dark hills of Ross, the sun had retired, but the clouds, in glorious masses of golden fires, rose in a prodigality of splendid forms, in which the military imagination of the young enthusiast had no difficulty in discovering the towers, and domes, and pinnacles of some airy Babylon, with burnished chariots on the walls, and brazen warriors in clusters on the battlements.

This poetical enchantment, however, was soon dissolved. The road along the skirt of the lake, as it approached the castle, was rugged and steep, and where it turned off into the peninsula, towards the gate, it literally lay on the cornice of a

precipice, which, with all his valour, made Walkinshaw more than once inclined to leap from the gig. Here and there a fragment of an old wall showed that it had once been fenced, and where the rains had scooped hollows on the edge of the cliff, a few stakes had recently been put up; but there was an air of decay and negligence around, that prepared the mind of the visitor for the ruinous aspect of the castle.

Mr Frazer, owing to his professional avocations, had seldom resided there, and he was too ambitious to raise the means to redeem the bonds he had granted for the purchase, to lay any thing out in improvements. The state and appearance of the place was, in consequence, lone and dismal. Not only were the outer walls mantled with ivy, but the arch of the gateway was broken. Many of the windows in the principal edifice were rudely filled up with stones. The slates in several places had fallen from the extin-

guisher-less desolate roofed turrets, and patches of new lime on different places of the habitable buildings, bore testimony to the stinted funds which the proprietor allowed for repairs.

Within the gate the scene was somewhat more alluring. The space inclosed by the walls had been converted into a garden, which Mrs Frazer and her daughters superintended, and had ornamented with evergreens and flowers. The apartments of the family were also neatly repaired, and showed, in the midst of an evident parsimony, a degree of taste that bespoke a favourable opinion of the inhabitants, which the reception given to Walkinshaw confirmed.

Mr Frazer, an elderly gentleman, of an acute and penetrating look, met him at the door, and, heartily shaking him by the hand, led him into a parlour, where Mrs Frazer, with two daughters, the sisters of Ellen, were sitting. The young ladies and their mother received him even

with more frankness than the advocate. It was, indeed, not difficult to perceive, that they had previously formed an agreeable opinion of him, which they were pleased to find his prepossessing appearance confirm. But after the first congratulatory greetings were over, a slight cloud was cast on the spirits of the family by his account of the health of their relation Mrs Eadie. It, however, was not of very long duration, for the intelligence that she might be daily expected with Ellen soon chased it away.

CHAP. XVII.

As Mr Eadie found he could not conveniently get away from his parish, and the health of his lady requiring that she should travel by easy stages, it was arranged, after Walkinshaw's departure, that his sister should take the spare corner of the carriage. Accordingly, on the day following his arrival at Glengael, they all made their appearance at the castle.

Mrs Eadie's malady had, in the meantime, undergone no change. On the contrary, she was become more constantly mystical, and the mournful feelings, awakened by the sight of her early home, desolated by time and the ravages of war, rather served to increase her superstitious reveries. Every feature of the landscape

recalled some ancient domestic tradition; and as often as she alluded to the ghostly stories that were blended with her ancestral tales, she expatiated in the loftiest and wildest flights of seeming inspiration and prophecy.

But still she enjoyed lucid intervals of a serene and tender melancholy. On one occasion, while she was thus walking with the young ladies in the environs of the castle, she stopped abruptly, and, looking suddenly around, burst into tears.

"It was here," said she—"on this spot, that the blossoms of my early hopes fell, and were scattered for ever."

At that moment, a gentleman, some ten or twelve years older than Walkinshaw, dressed in the Highland garb, was seen coming towards the castle, and the majestic invalid uttered a terrific shriek, and fainted in the arms of her companions. The stranger, on hearing the scream, and seeing her fall, ran to the assistance of the ladies.

When Mrs Eadie was so far recovered as to be able to look up, the stranger happened to be standing behind Ellen, on whose lap her head was laid, and, not seeing him, she lay, for some time after the entire restoration of her faculties, in a state of profound solemnity and sorrow. "O Frazer!" she exclaimed pathetically.

"I have seen him," she added; "and my time cannot now be long."

At that instant her eye lighted on the stranger as he moved into another position. She looked at him for some time with startled amazement and awe; and, turning round to one of the young ladies, said, with an accent of indescribable grief, "I have been mistaken." She then rose, and the stranger introduced himself. He was the same person in whom, on his arrival from France, she had fourteen years before discovered the son of her early lover. Seeing him on the spot where she had parted from his father, and dressed in the garb and tartan of the

clan which her lover wore on that occasion, she had, in her visionary mood, believed he was an apparition.

Saving these occasional hallucinations, her health certainly received new energy from her native air; and, by her presence at the castle, she was of essential service to the recruiting of her young friend.

In the meantime, Glengael being informed of the attachment between Walkinshaw and Ellen, had espoused his interests with great ardour; and French Frazer, as the stranger was called, also raising men for promotion, the castle became a scene of so much bustle as materially to disturb the shattered nerves of the invalid. With a view, therefore, to change the scene, and to enable Mrs Eadie to enjoy the benefit of sea-bathing, an excursion was proposed to Caithness and Sutherland, where Glengael was desirous of introducing the officers to certain political connections which he had in these counties, and it was proposed that, while the gentlemen went to pay their

visits, the ladies should take up their residence at the little town of Wick.

The weather had, for some days before their departure from Glengael, been bright and calm, and the journey to Wick was performed with comparative ease and comfort. The party had, however, scarcely alighted at the house, which a servant sent on before had provided for their accommodation, when the wind changed, and the skies were overcast. For three days it raged a continual tempest; the rain fell in torrents, and the gentlemen, instead of being able to proceed on their visit, were confined to the house. At the end of the third day the storm subsided, and, though the weather was broken, there were intervals which allowed them to make little excursions in the neighbourhood.

The objects they visited, and the tales and traditions of the country, were alike new and interesting to the whole party; and it was agreed, that, before leaving Wick, the gentlemen should conduct the la-

dies to some of the remarkable spots which they had themselves visited ;—among other places, Girnigo Castle, the ancient princely abode of the Earls of Caithness, the superb remains of which still obtain additional veneration in the opinion of the people, from the many guilty and gloomy traditions that fear and fancy have exaggerated in preserving the imperfect recollections of its early history.

Mrs Eadie had agreed to accompany them, the walk not exceeding three or four miles ; but on the evening preceding the day which they had fixed for the excursion, when the weather had all the appearance of being settled, she saw, or imagined that she saw, at sunset, some awful prodigy which admonished her not to go.

" I beheld," said she, " between me and the setting-sun, a shadowy hand bearing an hour-glass, run out ; and when I looked again, I saw the visionary semblance of Walkinshaw's uncle pass me with a pale countenance. Twice have I witnessed the

same apparition of his wraith, and I know from the sign, that either his time is not to be long, or to-morrow we shall hear strange tidings."

It was useless to reason or to argue with her sublime and incomprehensible pretensions; but as it was deemed not prudent to leave her alone, Glengael and Mrs Frazer agreed to remain at Wick, while French Frazer and the young ladies, with Walkinshaw and his sister, went to inspect the ruins of Girnigo, and the rocks, caverns, and precipices of Noss-head.

Of all places in the wild and withered region of Caithness, the promontory of Noss-head presents, alike to the marine voyager and the traveller by land, one of the most tremendous objects. The waves of the universal sea have, from the earliest epochs, raged against it. Huge rocks, torn from the cliffs, stand half hid in the waters, like the teeth and racks of destruction grinning for shipwrecks. No calm of the ocean is there without a swell, and

no swell without horror. The sea-birds, that love to build on the wildest cliffs and precipices of that coast of ruins, shun Noss-head, for the ocean laves against it in everlasting cataracts, and the tides, whether in ebb or flow, hurl past in devouring whirlpools. To the pilots afar at sea it is a lofty landmark and a beacon,—but the vessel embayed either within its northern or its southern cliffs, may be known by the marks on her sails, or the name on the pieces of her stern,—but none of her crew ever escape to tell the circumstances of her fate. Even there the miserable native earns no spoils from the waves;—whatever reaches the shore consists of fragments, or splinters, or corses, or limbs,—all are but the crumbs and the surfeit-relics of destruction.

CHAP. XVIII.

Mr Donald Gunn, the worthy Dominie of Wick, who had agreed to act as a guide to Girnigo, was, soon after sunrise, at the door, summoning the party to make ready for the journey; for, although the morning was fair and bright, he had seen signs in the preceding evening, which made him apprehensive of another storm. "The wind," said he to Walkinshaw, who was the first that obeyed the call, "often, at this time of the year, rises about noon, when the waves jump with such agility against the rocks, that the most periculous points of view cannot be seen in their proper elegance, without the risk of breaking your neck, or at least being washed away, and drowned for ever."

Walkinshaw, accordingly, upon Gunn's

report, as he called it, roused the whole party, and they set out for Staxigo, preceded by the Dominie, who, at every turn of the road, " indexed," as he said, " the most interesting places."

During the walk to the village, the weather still continued propitious; but the schoolmaster observed, that a slight occasional breeze from the north-east, the wildest wind that blows on that coast, rippled the glassy sea, as it undulated among the rocks below their path; a sure indication, so early in the morning, of a tempestuous afternoon. His companions, however, unacquainted with the omens of that ravenous shore, heard his remark without anxiety.

After breakfasting at Elspeth Heddle's public in Staxigo on milk, and ham and eggs, a partan, and haddocks, they went on to the ruins of Girnigo. The occasional fetching of the wind's breath, which the Dominie had noticed in their morning walk, was now become a steady gale, and

the waves began to break against the rugged cliffs and headlands to the southward, insomuch, that, when the party reached the peninsula on which the princely ruins of the united castles of Girnigo and Sinclair are situated, they found several fishermen, belonging to Wick, who had gone out to sea at day-break, busily drawing their boats on shore, in the little port, on the south side of the cliffs, under the walls. The visitors inquired why they were so careful in such bright and summer weather; but they directed the attention of the Dominie to long flakes of goat's beard in the skies, and to the sea-birds flying towards the upland.

By this time the billows were breaking white and high, on the extremities of Noss-head, and the long grass on the bartisans and window-sills of the ruins streamed and hissed in the wind. The sun was bright; but the streaks of hoary vapour that veined the pure azure of the heavens retained their position and menacing ap-

pearance. There was, however, nothing in the phenomena of the skies to occasion any apprehension; and the party, without thinking of the immediate horrors of a storm, sympathised with their guide, as he related to them the mournful legends of those solitary towers. But, although he dwelt, with particular emphasis, on the story of the Bishop, whom one of the Earls of Caithness had ordered his vassals to boil in a cauldron, on account of his extortions, their sympathy was more sorrowfully awakened by the woeful fate of the young Master of Caithness, who, in 1572, fell a victim to the jealousy of his father.

"George, the Earl at that time," said the schoolmaster, "with his son the Master of Caithness, was on the leet of the lovers of Euphemia, the only daughter of an ancestor of Lord Reay. The lady was young and beautiful, and naturally preferred the son to the father; but the Earl was a haughty baron, and, in revenge for his son proving a more thriving wooer,

was desirous of putting him for a season out of the way—but not by the dirk, as the use and wont of that epoch of unrule might have justified. Accordingly, one afternoon, as they were sitting together in the hall at yonder architraved window in the second story, the wrathful Earl clapped his hands thrice, and in came three black-aviced kerns in rusted armour, who, by a signal harmonized between them and Earl George, seized the lawful heir, and dragged him to a dampish captivity in yon vault, of which you may see the yawning hungry throat in the chasm between the two principal lumps of the buildings."

The learned Dominie then proceeded to relate the sequel of this strange story—by which it appeared, that, soon after the imprisonment of his son, the Earl being obliged to render his attendance at the court of Stirling, left his son in the custody of Murdow Mackean Roy, who, soon after the departure of his master, was persuaded by the prisoner to connive at a

plan for his escape. But the plot was discovered by William, the Earl's second son, who apprehended Murdow, and executed him in the instant. Immediately after, he went down into the dungeon, and threatened his brother also with immediate punishment, if he again attempted to corrupt his keepers. The indignant young nobleman, though well ironed, sprung upon Lord William, and bruised him with such violence, that he soon after died. David and Inghrame Sinclair were then appointed custodiers of the prisoner; but, availing themselves of the absence of the Earl, and the confusion occasioned by the death of William, they embezzled the money in the castle, and fled, leaving their young lord in the dungeon, a prey to the horrors of hunger, of which he died.

About seven years after, the Earl, while he lamented the fatal consequences of his own rash rivalry, concealed his thirst for revenge. Having heard that Inghrame Sinclair, who had retired with his booty to a

distant part of the country, intended to celebrate the marriage of his daughter by a great feast—resolved to make the festival the scene of punishment. Accordingly, with a numerous retinue, he proceeded to hunt in the neighbourhood of Inghrame Sinclair's residence; and, availing himself of the hospitable courtesies of the time, he entered the banquet-hall, and slew the traitor in the midst of his guests.—

While the visitors in the lee of the ruins were listening to the Dominie's legend, the wind had continued to increase and the sea to rise, and the spray of the waves was springing in stupendous water-spouts and spires of foam over all the headlands in view to the south.

"Aye," said the Dominie, pointing out to them the ruins of Clyth Castle, over which the sea was breaking white in the distance, "we may expect a dry storm, for Clyth has got on its shroud. Look where it stands like a ghost on the shore. It is a haunted and unhallowed monument."

"In olden and ancient times the Laird of Clyth went over to Denmark, and, being at the court of Elsineur, counterfeited, by the help of a handsome person, and a fine elocution, the style and renown of the most prosperous gentleman in all Caithness, by which he beguiled a Prince of Copenhagen to give him his daughter in marriage, a lady of rare and surpassing beauty. After his marriage he returned to Scotland to prepare for the reception of his gorgeous bride; but, when he beheld his own rude turret amidst the spray of the ocean's sea, and thought of the golden palaces and sycamore gardens of Denmark, he was shocked at the idea of a magnificent princess inhabiting such a bleak abode, and overwhelmed with the dread of the indignation that his guilt would excite among her friends. So when the Danish man-of-war, with the lady on board, was approaching the coast, he ordered lights and fires along the cliffs of Ulbster, by which the pilots were bewildered, and

the ship was dashed in pieces. The princess and her maids of honour, with many of the sailors, were drowned; but her body was found, beautiful in death, with rings on her fingers, and gems in her ears; and she was interred, as became a high-born lady of her breeding, in the vault where she now lies, among the ancestors of Sir John Sinclair of Ulbster; and ever since that time, the Castle of Clyth has been untenanted, and as often as the wind blows from the north-east, it is covered with a shroud as if doing penance for the maiden of Denmark."

Notwthstanding the pedantry in the Dominie's language in relating this tradition, the unaffected earnestness with which he expressed himself, moved the compassion of his auditors, and some of the ladies shed tears; which the gentlemen observing, Walkinshaw, to raise their spirits, proposed they should go forward towards Noss-head to view the dreadful turbulency of the breakers. But, before they had

approached within half a mile of the promontory, the violence of the gale had increased to such a degree, that they found themselves several times obliged to take refuge in the hollows of the rocks, unable to withstand the fury of the wind, and the lavish showers of spray, that rose in sheets from the waves, and came heavier than rain on the blast.

CHAP. XIX.

In the meantime, the Glasgow party on board Allan M'Lean's pilot-boat was enjoying their sail and sosherie. Enticed by the beauty of the sunny weather, which had preceded the arrival of our Glengael friends at Wick, they had made a long stretch as far to the north as the Mainland of Shetland, and after enjoying fresh ling and stockfish in the highest perfection there, and laying in a capital assortment of worsted hose for winter, they again weighed anchor, with the intention of returning by the Pentland Firth. Being, however, overtaken by the boisterous weather, which obliged Mr Frazer and his two recruiting guests to stop at Wick, they went into Kirkwall Bay, where they were so long detained, that the

thoughts of business and bills began to deteriorate their pleasure.

To none of the party was the detention so irksome as to Mr Walkinshaw, for, independent of the cares of his mercantile concerns, his fancy was running on Ellen Frazer, and he was resolved, as soon as he returned to the Clyde, to sound her father with a proposal, to solicit her for his second wife. Why a gentleman, so well advanced in life, should have thought of offering himself as a candidate for a lady's love, against his nephew, we must leave to be accounted for by those who are able to unravel the principles of the Earl of Caithness's enmity to his son, particularly as we are in possession of no reasonable theory, adequate to explain how he happened to prefer Ellen Frazer to the numerous beauties of the royal city. It is sufficient for us, as historians, simply to state the fact, and narrate the events to which it gave rise.

Mr Walkinshaw then being rendered

weary of the Orkneys, and, perhaps, also of the joviality of his companions, by the mingled reflections of business, and the tender intention of speedily taking a second wife, resolved, rather than again incur the uncertainties of the winds and waves, to leave the pilot-boat at Kirkwall, and embark for Thurso, in order to return home over land; a vessel belonging to that port being then wind-bound in the bay. Accordingly, on the same morning that the party from Wick went to visit Girnigo Castle, and the magnificent horrors of Noss-head, he embarked.

For some time after leaving Kirkwall, light airs and summer breezes enabled the sloop in which he had taken his passage to work pleasantly round Moulhead. But before she had passed the spiky rocks and islets of Copinshaw, the master deemed it prudent to stand farther out to sea; for the breeze had freshened, and the waves were dashing themselves

into foam on Roseness and the rugged shores of Barra.

The motion of the sloop, notwithstanding the experience which the passenger had gained in the pilot-boat, overwhelmed him with unutterable sickness, and he lay on the deck in such affliction, that he once rashly wished he was drowned. The cabin-boy who attended him was so horror-struck at hearing so profane a wish at sea, while the wind was rising on a lee shore, that he left him to shift for himself.

For some time the master did not think it necessary to shorten sail, but only to stretch out towards the south-east; but, as the sun mounted towards the meridian, the gale so continued to increase, that he not only found it necessary to reef, but in the end to hand almost all his canvas save the foresail. Still, as there were no clouds, no rain, no thunder nor lightning, the sea-sick Glasgow merchant dreamt of no danger.

"May be," said the cabin-boy in pass-

ing, as the Laird happened to look up from his prostrate situation on the deck, " ye'll get your ugly wish oure soon."

The regardless manner and serious tone in which this was said had an immediate and restorative effect. Mr Walkinshaw roused himself, and, looking round, was surprised to see the sails taken in ; and, casting his eyes to leeward, beheld, with a strong emotion of consternation, the ocean boiling with tremendous violence, and the spindrift rising like steam.

" It blows a dreadful gale ?" said he inquiringly to the master.

" It does," was the emphatic reply.

" I hope there is no danger," cried the merchant, alarmed, and drawing himself close under the larboard gunnel.

The master, who was looking anxiously towards Duncansby-head, which presented a stupendous tower of foaming spray, over the starboard bow, replied,—

" I hope we shall be able to weather Noss-head."

"And if we do not," said Mr Walkinshaw, "what's to be done?"

"You'll be drowned," cried the cabin-boy, who had seated himself on the lea-side of the companion; and the bitterness of the reproachful accent with which this was said stung the proud merchant to the quick—but he said nothing; his fears were, however, now all awake, and he saw, with a feeling of inexpressible alarm, that the crew were looking eagerly and sorrowfully towards the roaring precipices of Caithness.

Still the vessel kept bravely to her helm, and was working slowly outward; but, as she gradually wore round, her broadside became more and more exposed to the sea, and once or twice her decks were washed fore and aft.

"This is terrible work, Captain," said Mr Walkinshaw.

"It is," was all the answer he received.

"Is there no port we can bear away for?"

"None."

"Good Heavens! Captain, if this continues till night?"

The master eyed him for a moment, and said with a shudder,—

"If it does, Sir, we shall never see night."

"You'll be drowned," added the little boy, casting an angry look from behind the companion.

"Almighty Powers!—surely we are not in such danger?" exclaimed the terrified merchant.

"Hold your tongue," again cried the boy.

Mr Walkinshaw heard him, and for a moment, was petrified, for the command was not given with insolence, but solemnity.

A cry of "Hold fast," in the same instant, came from the forecastle, and, after a momentary pause, a dreadful sea broke aboard, and swept the deck. The master, who had himself taken the helm, was

washed overboard, and the tiller was broken.

"We are gone!" said the little boy, as he shook the water from his jacket, and crawled on towards the mast, at the foot of which he seated himself, for the loss of the tiller, and the damage the rudder had sustained, rendered the vessel unmanageable, and she drifted to her fate before the wind.

"Is there indeed no hope?" cried Mr Walkinshaw to one of the sailors, who was holding by the shrouds.

"If we get into Sinclair's Bay, there is a sandy beach," replied the sailor.

"And if we do not?" exclaimed the passenger in the accent of despair.

"We'll a' be drowned," replied the boy with a scowling glance, as he sat cowering with his head between his knees, at the foot of the mast.

"We shall not get into Sinclair's Bay," said the sailor, firmly; "but we may pass Noss-head."

"Do you think so?" said Mr Walkinshaw, catching something like hope and fortitude from the sedate courage of the sailor.

Another cry of "Hold fast" prepared him for a second breach of the sea, and he threw himself on the deck, and took hold of a ring-bolt, in which situation he continued, though the vessel rose to the wave. In the meantime, the resolute sailor, after looking calmly and collectedly around for some time, went from the larboard to the starboard, and mounted several rattlings of the shrouds, against which he leant with his back, while the vessel was fast driving towards Noss-head.

CHAP. XX.

THE party from Glengael, who had, as we have described, been obliged to take refuge from the wind in the lee of the rocks, stood contemplating the scene in silence. The sky was without a cloud—but the atmosphere was nevertheless almost like steam, through which the sun shone so sickly, that, even without hearing the hiss of the wind, or the rage of the ocean, no shelter could have prevented the spectator from being sensible that some extraordinary violence agitated and troubled the whole air. Every shrub and bramble not only bent before the wind, but it may be said their branches literally streamed in the blast. There was a torrent which ran towards the sea, near the spot where the party stood; but the wind caught its wa-

ters as they fell in a cataract, and blew them over the face of the hill like a wreath of mist. A few birch trees, that skirted the dell through which this stream ran, brushed the ground before the breeze; and the silver lining of their leaves was so upturned in the constant current of the storm, that they had the appearance of being covered with hoar frost. Not a bee was abroad on the heath, and the sea birds were fluttering and cowering in the lee of the rocks—a bernacle, that attempted to fly from behind a block of granite, was whirled screaming away in the wind, and flung with such resistless impetuosity against the precipice, behind a corner of which the party were sheltering, that it was killed on the spot. The landscape was bright in the hazy sunshine; but the sheep lay in the hollows of the ground, unable to withstand the deluge of the dry tempest that swept all before it, and a wild and lonely lifelessness reigned on the mountains.

The appearance of the sea was awful. It was not because the waves rolled in more tremendous volumes than any of the party had ever before seen, and burst against the iron precipices of Noss-head with the roar and the rage of the falls of Niagara—the whole expanse of the ocean was enveloped with spindrift, and, as it occasionally opened, a vessel was seen. At first it was thought she was steering for the bay of Wick, but it soon appeared that she drifted at random towards Sinclair's Bay, and could, by nothing less than some miraculous change of the wind, reach the anchorage opposite to Kiess Castle.

Ellen Frazer was the first who spoke of the sloop's inevitable fate.—"It is dreadful," said she, "for us to stand in safety here, like spectators at a tragedy, and see yon unfortunate bark rushing without hope to destruction. Let us make an attempt to reach the beach—she may be driven on the shore, and we may have it in

our power to assist the poor wretches, if any should escape."

They, accordingly, endeavoured to reach the strand; but before they could wrestle with the wind half-way towards it, they saw that the vessel could not attain Sinclair's Bay, and that her only chance of salvation was in weathering Noss-head, to which she was fast nearing. They, in consequence, changed their course, and went towards the promontory; but, by the time they had gained the height, they saw it was hopeless to think they could render any assistance, and they halted under the ledge of an overhanging rock, to see if she would be able to weather that dreadful headland.

The place where they took shelter was to the windward of the spray, which rose like a furious cataract against the promontory; and in pyramids of foam, that were seen many leagues off at sea, deluged the land to a great extent far beyond Castle Girnigo. It happened that Ellen Frazer

had a small telescope in her hand, which they had brought with them, and, when they were under cover, she applied it to her eye.

"The sailors," said she, "seem to have abandoned themselves to despair—I see two prostrate on the deck. There is one standing on the shrouds, as if he hopes to be able to leap on the rocks when she strikes. The dog is on the end of the bowsprit—I can look at them no more."

She then handed the telescope to Mary, and, retiring to a little distance, seated herself on a stone, and, covering her face with her handkerchief, could no longer control her tears. The vessel, in the mean time, was fast drifting towards the rocks, with her broadside to the wave.

"I think," said Mary, "that she must have lost her helm; nobody is near where it should be.—They have no hope.—One of the men, who had thrown himself on the deck, is risen. He is tying himself to the shrouds.—There is a boy at the foot

of the mast, sitting cowering on the deck, holding his head between his hands."

Walkinshaw, without speaking, took the telescope from his sister, who went and sat down in silence beside Ellen. By this time, the vessel had drifted so near, that every thing on her deck was distinct to the naked eye.

"The person on the deck," said Walkinshaw, after looking through the glass about the space of a minute, "is not a sailor—he has long clothes, and has the appearance of a gentleman, probably a passenger. That poor little boy!—he is evidently covering his ears, as if he could shut out the noise of the roaring death that awaits him. What a brave and noble fellow that is on the shrouds, —if coolness and courage can save, he is safe."

At this moment, a shriek from Mary roused Ellen, and they both ran to the spot where Walkinshaw was standing. A tremendous wave had covered the vessel, as it were, with a winding-sheet of foam, and

before it cleared away, she was among the breakers that raged against the headland.

"She is gone!" said Walkinshaw, and he took his sister and Ellen by the hands. —"Let us leave these horrors." But the ladies trembled so much, that they were unable to walk; and Ellen became so faint, that she was obliged to sit down on the ground, while her lover ran with his hat to find, if possible, a little fresh water to revive her. He had not, however, been absent many minutes, when another shriek from his sister called him back, and, on returning, he found that a large dog, dripping wet, and whimpering and moaning, had laid himself at the feet of the ladies with a look of the most piteous and helpless expression. It was the dog they had seen on the bowsprit of the vessel, and they had no doubt her fate was consummated; but three successive enormous billows coming, with all the force of the German Ocean, from the Baltic, rolled into the bay. The roar with which they

broke as they hurled by the cliff, where the party were standing, drew the attention of Walkinshaw even from Ellen; and, to his surprise, he saw that the waves had, in their sweep, drawn the vessel into the bay, and that she was coming driving along the side of the precipice, and, if not dashed in pieces before, would pass within a few yards of where they stood. Her bowsprit was carried away, which showed how narrowly she had already escaped destruction.

The ladies, roused again into eager and anxious sympathy by this new incident, approached with Walkinshaw as near as possible to the brink of the cliff—to the very edge of which the raging waters raised their foamy crests as they passed in their might and majesty from the headland into the bay. Another awful wave was soon after seen rising at a distance, and, as it came rolling onward nearer and nearer, it swallowed up every lesser billow. When it approached the vessel, it swept her along so closely to the rocks that Walkinshaw

shouted unconsciously, and the dog ran barking to the edge of the precipice,—all on board were for a moment animated with fresh energy,—the little boy stood erect; and the sailor on the shrouds, seeing Walkinshaw and the ladies, cried bravely, as the vessel rose on the swell in passing, "It will not do yet." But the attention of his admiring spectators was suddenly drawn from him to the gentleman. "Good Heavens!" exclaimed Ellen Frazer, "it is your uncle!"

It was even so. Mr Walkinshaw, on raising his head to look up, saw and recognized them, and, wildly starting from the deck, shook his uplifted hands with a hideous and terrific frenzy. This scene was, however, but for an instant; the flank of the wave, as it bore the vessel along, broke against a projecting rock, and she was wheeled away by the revulsion to a great distance.

The sailor in the shrouds still stood firm; a second wave, more appalling than

the former, brought the vessel again towards the cliff. The dog, anticipating what would happen, ran towards the spot where she was likely to strike. The surge swung her almost to the top of the precipice,—the sailor leapt from the shrouds, and caught hold of a projecting rock,—the dog seized him by the jacket to assist him up, but the ravenous sea was not to lose its prey.—In the same moment the wave broke, and the vessel was again tossed away from the rock, and a frightful dash of the breakers tore down the sailor and the faithful dog. Another tremendous revulsion, almost in the same moment, terminated the fate of the vessel. As it came roaring along it caught her by the broadside, and dashed her into ten thousand shivers against an angle of the promontory, scarcely more than two hundred yards from the spot where the horror-struck spectators stood. Had she been made of glass, her destruction and fragments could not

have been greater. They floated like chaff on the waters; and, for the space of four or five seconds, the foam amidst which they weltered was coloured in several places with blood.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

CHAP. XXI.

THE same gale which proved so fatal on the coast of Caithness, carried the Glasgow party briskly home.

Before their arrival the news of the loss of Mr Walkinshaw had reached the city, and Dirdumwhamle and his son were as busy, as heirs and executors could well be, in taking possession of his fortune, which, besides the estate of Kittlestonheugh, greatly exceeded their most sanguine expectations. They were, however, smitten with no little concern when, on applying to Mr Pitwinnoch, the lawyer, to receive infeftment of the lands, they heard from him, after he had perused the deed of entail, that Robina had no right to the inheritance; but that our friend Walkinshaw was the lawful heir.

It was, however, agreed, as the world, as well as themselves, had uniformly understood and believed that old Grippy had disinherited his eldest son, to say nothing about this important discovery. Walky and Robina accordingly took possession in due form of her father's mansion. Their succession was unquestioned, and they mourned in all the most fashionable pomp of woe for the loss they had sustained, receiving the congratulatory condolence of their friends with the most befitting decorum. To do the lady, however, justice, the tears which she shed were immediate from the heart; for, with all his hereditary propensity to gather and hold, her father had many respectable domestic virtues, and was accounted by the world a fair and honourable man. It is also due to her likewise to mention, that she was not informed, either by her husband or father-in-law, of the mistake they had been all in with regard to the entail; so that, whatever blame did attach to them for the part

they played, she was innocent of the fraud.

To Walkinshaw's mother the loss of her brother-in-law was a severe misfortune, for with him perished her annuity of fifty pounds a-year. She entertained, however, a hope that Robina would still continue it; but the feelings arising from the consciousness of an unjust possession of the estate, operated on the mind of Milrookit in such a way, as to make him suddenly become wholly under the influence of avarice. Every necessary expence was grudged; his wife, notwithstanding the wealth she had brought him, was not allowed to enjoy a guinea; in a word, from the day in which Pitwinnoch informed him that she had no right to the property, he was devoured, in the most singular manner, with the most miserly passions and fears.

The old Leddy, for some time after the shock she had met with in the sudden death of her son, mourned with more unaffected sorrow than might have been expected

from her character; and having, during that period, invited Mrs Charles to spend a few weeks with her, the loss of the annuity, and conjectures respecting the continuance of it, frequently formed the subject of their conversation.

"It's my notion," the Leddy would say, "that Beenie will see to a continuality o' the 'nuity—but Walky's sic a Nabal, that nae doot it maun be a task o' dexterity on her side to get him to agree. Howsever, when they're a' settled, I'll no be mealy-mouthed wi' them. My word! a bien bargain he has gotten wi' her, and I'm wae to think it did nae fa' to your Jamie's luck, who is a laddie o' a winsome temper—just as like his grandfather, my friend that was, as a kittling's like a cat—the only difference being a wee thought mair o' daffing and playrifety."

Nor was it long after these observations that the Leddy had an opportunity of speaking to her grandchildren on the subject. One day soon after, when they hap-

pened to call, she took occasion to remind them how kind she had been at the time of their marriage, and also that, but for her agency, it might never have taken place.

"Noo," said she, "there is ae thing I would speak to you anent, though I was in the hope ye would hae spar't me the obligation, by making me a reasonable gratis gift for the cost and outlay I was at, forbye trouble on your account. But the compliment is like the chariot-wheels o' Pharaoh, sae dreigh o' drawing, that I canna afford to be blate wi' you ony langer. Howsever, Walky and Beenie, I hae a projection in my head, the whilk is a thought o' wisdom for you to consider, and it's o' the nature o' a solemn league and covenant. If ye'll consent to alloo Bell Fatherlans her 'nuity of fifty pounds per annus, as it is called, according to law, I'll score you out o' my books for the bed, board, and washing due to me, and a heavy soom it is."

"Where do you think we are to get fif-

ty pounds a-year?" exclaimed Milrookit. "Fifty pounds a-year!"

"Just in the same neuk, Walky, where ye found the Kittlestonheugh estate and the three and twenty thousand pounds o' lying siller, Beenie's braw tocher," replied the Leddy; "and I think ye're a very crunkly character, though your name's no Habakkuk, to gi'e me sic a constipation o' an answer."

"I can assure you, Leddy," said he, "if it was a thing within the compass of my power, I would na need to be told to be liberal to Mrs Charles; but the burden o' a family's coming upon us, and it's necessary, nay, it's a duty, to consider that charity begins at hame."

"And what's to become o' her and her dochter? Gude guide us! would the hard nigger let her gang on the session? for I canna help her."

"All I can say at present," was his reply, "that we are in no circumstances to spare any thing like fifty pounds a-year."

"Then I can tell thee, Walky, I will this very day mak out my count, and every farthing I can extortionate frae thee, meeserable penure pig that thou art, shall be pay't o'er to her to the last fraction, just to wring thy heart o' niggerality."

"If you have any lawful claim against me, of course I am obliged to pay you."

"If I hae ony lawful claim?—ye Goliah o' cheatrie—if I hae ony lawful claim? —But I'll say nothing—I'll mak out an account—and there's nae law in Christendom to stop me for charging what I like —my goose shall lay gouden eggs, if the life bide in my bodie.—Ye unicorn of oppression, to speak to me o' law, that was so kind to you—but law ye shall get, and law ye shall hae—and be made as lawful as it's possible for caption and horning, wi' clerk and signet to implement."

"If you will make your little favours a debt, nobody can prevent you; but I will pay no more than is justly due."

The Leddy made no reply, but her eyes

looked unutterable things; and after sitting for some time in that energetic posture of displeasure, she turned round to Robina, and said, with an accent of the most touching sympathy,—

"Hegh, Beenie! poor lassie! but thou hast ta'en thy sheep to a silly market. A skelp-the-dub creature to upbraid me wi' his justly dues! But crocodile or croakin-deil, as I should ca' him, he'll get his ain justly dues.—Mr Milrookit o' Kittlestonheugh, as it's no the fashion when folk hae recourse to the civil war o' a law-plea, to stand on a ceremony, maybe ye'll find some mair pleasant place than this room, an ye were to tak the pains to gang to the outside o' my door; and I'll send, through the instrumentality o' a man o' business, twa lines anent that bit sma' matter for bed, board, and washing due to me for and frae that time, when, ye ken, Mr Milrookit, ye had na ae stiver to keep yourself and your wife frae starvation.—So out o' my house, and daur no longer to pollute my presence,

ye partan-handit, grip-and-haud smedyvyce Mammon o' unrighteousness."

After this gentle hint, as the Leddy afterwards called it, Milrookit and Robina hastily obeyed her commands, and returned to their carriage; but before driving home, he thought it necessary, under the menace he had received, to take the advice of his lawyer, Mr Pitwinnoch. Some trifling affairs, however, prevented him from driving immediately to his office, and the consequence was, that the Leddy, who never allowed the grass to grow in her path, was there before him.

CHAP. XXII.

"MR PITWINNOCH," said the Leddy, on being shown into what she called "the bottomless pit o' his consulting-room," where he wrote alone,—"ye'll be surprised to see me, and troth ye may think it's no sma' instancy that has brought me sae far afield the day; for I hae been sic a lamiter with the rheumateese, that, for a' the last week, I was little better than a nymph o' anguish; my banes were as sair as if I had been brayed in a mortar, and shot into Spain. But ye maun know and understand, that I hae a notion to try my luck and fortune in the rowley-powley o' a law-plea."

"Indeed!" said the lawyer. "What has happened?"

"Aye! Mr Pitwinnoch, ye may weel

speer; but my twa ungrateful grandchildren, that I did sae muckle for at their marriage, hae used me waur than I were a Papistical Jew o' Jericho. I just, in my civil and discreet manner, was gi'en them a delicate memento mori concerning their unsettled count for bed, board, and washing; when up got Milrookit, as if he would hae flown out at the broad side o' the house, and threepit that he didna owe me the tenth part o' half a farthing; and threatened to tak me afore the Lords for a Cananitish woman, and an extortioner.—Noo, don't you think that's a nice point, as my worthy father used to say, and music to the ears of a' the Fifteen at Embrough?"

"Mr Milrookit, surely," said the lawyer, "can never resist so just a demand. How much is it?"

"But, first and forwards," replied the Leddy, "before we come to the condescendence, I should state the case; and, Mr Pitwinnoch, ye maun understand that I hae some know-

ledge o' what pertains to law, for my father was most extraordinare at it; and so I need not tell you, that it's weel for me the day to know what I know. For Milrookit, as I was saying, having refused, point-blank, Mr Pitwinnoch, to implement the 'nuity of fifty pounds per annus, that your client—(that's a legal word, Mr Pitwinnoch)—that your client settled on my gude-dochter, I told him he would—then and there refusing—be bound over to pay me for the bed, board, and washing. And what would ye think, Mr Pitwinnoch? he responded, with a justly due,—but I'll due him; and though, had he been calm and well-bred, I might have put up with ten pounds; yet, seeing what a ramping lion he made himsel, I'll no faik a farthing o' a thousand, which, at merchants' interest, will enable me to pay the 'nuity. So, when we get it, ye'll hae to find me somebody willing to borrow on an heritable bond."

"I think you can hardly expect so much

as a thousand pounds. If I recollect rightly, Mr and Mrs Milrookit staid but six weeks with you," said the lawyer.

"Time," replied the Leddy, "ye ken, as I hae often heard my father say, was no item in law; and unless there's a statute of vagrancy in the Decisions, or the Raging Magistratom, there can be no doot that I hae't in my power to put what value I please on my house, servitude, and expence, which is the strong ground of the case. Therefore, you will write a letter forthwith to Mr Milrookit of Kittlestonheugh, charging him with a lawful debt, and a' justly due to me, of one thousand pounds, without condescending on particulars at present, as the damages can be afterwards assessed, when we hae gotten payment of the principal, which every body must allow is a most liberal offer on my part."

It was with some difficulty that Mr Pitwinnoch could preserve himself in a proper state of solemnity to listen to the in-

structions of his client; but what lawyer would laugh, even in his own "bottomless pit?" However, he said,—

"Undoubtedly, Mrs Walkinshaw, you have a good ground of action; but, perhaps, I may be able to effect an amicable arrangement, if you would submit the business to arbitration."

"Arbitration, Mr Pitwinnoch!" exclaimed the Leddy; "never propound such a thing to me; for often hae I heard my father say, that arbitration was the greatest cut-throat of legal proceedings that had been devised since the discovery of justice at Amalphi. Na, na—I hae mair sense than to virdict my case wi' any sic pannelling as arbitration. So, law being my only remede, I hope ye'll leave no stone unturned till you hae brought Mr Milrookit's nose to the grindstone; and to help you to haud it there, I hae brought a five pound note as hansel for good luck,—this being the first traffic in legalities that I hae had on my own bottom; for, in the

concos mentos o' Watty, my son, ye ken I was keepit back, in order to be brought forward as a witness; but there is no need o' ony decreet o' Court for such an interlocutor on the present occasion."

The Leddy having, in this clear and learned manner, delivered her instructions, she left the office, and soon after Milrookit was also shown into "the bottomless pit," where he gave an account of the transaction, somewhat different, but, perhaps, no nearer the truth. He was, however, not a little surprised to find the pursuer had been there before him, and that she had instructed proceedings. But what struck him with the greatest consternation was a suggestion from Mr Pitwinnoch to compromise the matter.

"Take my advice, Mr Milrookit," said he, "and settle this quietly—there is no saying what a law-suit may lead to; and, considering the circumstances under which you hold the estate, don't stir, lest the sleeping dog awake. Let us pacify the

old Leddy with two or three hundred pounds."

"Two or three hundred pounds, for six weeks of starvation! The thing, Mr Pitwinnoch, is ridiculous."

"True, Sir," replied the lawyer; "but then the state of the Entail—you should consider that. Be thankful if she will take a couple of hundreds."

"Nay, if you counsel me to do that, I have no alternative, and must submit."

"You will do wisely in at once agreeing," said Pitwinnoch; and, after some farther conversation to the same effect, Milrookit gave a cheque for two hundred pounds, and retired grumbling.

The lawyer, rejoicing in so speedy and fortunate a settlement, as soon as he left the office, went to the Leddy, exulting in his address.

"Twa hundred pounds!" said she,—"but the fifth part o' my thousand! I'll ne'er tak ony sic payment. Ye'll carry it back to Mr Milrookit, and tell him I'll no

faik a plack o' my just debt; and what's mair, if he does na pay me the whole tot down at once, he shall be put to the horn without a moment's delay."

"I assure you," replied the lawyer, "that this is a result far beyond hope—you ought not for a moment to make a word about it; for you must be quite aware that he owes you no such sum as this. You said yourself that ten pounds would have satisfied you."

"And so it would—but that was before I gaed to law wi' him," cried the Leddy; "but seeing now how I hae the rights o' the plea, I'll hae my thousand pounds if the hide be on his snout. Whatna better proof could ye hae o' the justice o' my demand, than that he should hae come down in terror at once wi' two hundred pounds? I hae known my father law for seven years, and even when he won, he had money to pay out of his own pocket—so, wi' sic erls o' victory as ye hae gotten, I would be waur than mad no to stand out. Just

gang till him, and come na back to me without the thousand pound—every farthing, Mr Pitwinnoch—and your own costs besides; or, if ye dinna, may be I'll get another man o' business that will do my turn better—for, in an extremity like a law-suit, folk maunna stand on friendships. Had Mr Keelevin been noo to the fore, I would na needed to be put to my peremptors; but, honest man, he's gone. Howsever, there's one Thomas Whitteret, that was his clerk when my friend that's awa made his deed o' settlement—and I hae heard he has a nerve o' ability; so, if ye bring na me the thousand pounds this very afternoon, I'll apply to him to be my agent."

Mr Pitwinnoch said not a word to this, but left the house, and, running to the Black Bull Inn, ordered a post-chaise, and was at Kittlestonheugh almost as soon as his client. A short conversation settled the business—the very name of Thomas Whitteret, an old clerk of Keelevin, and

probably acquainted with the whole affair, was worth five thousand pounds, and, in consequence, in much less time than the Leddy expected, she did receive full payment of her thousand pounds; but, instead of expressing any pleasure at her success, she regretted that she should have made a charge of such moderation, being persuaded, that, had she stood out, the law would have given her double the money.

CHAP. XXIII.

Mr Pitwinnoch was instructed to lay out the money at five per cent. interest to pay Mrs Charles the annuity; and one of his clerks mentioned the circumstance to a companion in Mr Whitteret's office. This led to an application from him for the loan, on account of a country gentleman in the neighbourhood, who, having obtained a considerable increase of his rental, was intending to enlarge his mansion, and extend his style of living,—a very common thing at that period, the effects of which are beginning to show themselves,—but, as the Leddy said on another occasion, that's none of our concern at present.

The security offered being unexceptionable, an arrangement was speedily con-

cluded, and an heritable bond for the amount prepared. As the party borrowing the money lived at some distance from the town, Mr Whitteret sent one of his young men to get it signed, and to deliver it to the Leddy. It happened that the youth employed in this business was a little acquainted with the Leddy, and knowing her whimsical humour, when he carried it home he stopped, and fell into conversation with her about Walkinshaw, whom he knew.

" I maun gar his mother write to him," said the Leddy, " to tell him what a victory I hae gotten;—for ye maun ken, Willy Keckle, that I hae overcome principalities and powers in this controversy.—Wha ever heard o' thousands o' pounds gotten for sax weeks' bed, board, and washing, like mine? But it was a righteous judgment on the Nabal Milrookit,—whom I'll never speak to again in this world, and no in the next either, I doot, unless he mends his manners. He made

an absolute refuse to gie a continuality o' Jamie's mother's 'nuity, which was the because o' my going to law with him for a thousand pounds, value received in bed, board, and washing, for six weeks.—And the case, Willy,—you that's breeding for a limb o' the law,—ye should ken, was sic an absolute fact, that he was obligated by a judicature to pay me down the money."

Willy Keckle was so amused with her account of the speedy justice which she had obtained, as she said, by instructing Mr Pitwinnoch herself of the "nice point," and "the strong ground," that he could not refrain from relating the conversation to his master.

Mr Whitteret was diverted with the story; but it seemed so strange and unaccountable, that the amount of the demand, and the readiness with which it was paid, dwelt on his mind as extraordinary circumstances; and he having occasion next day to go into Edinburgh, where Mr Frazer had returned from Glengael, to at-

tend his professional duties, he happened to be invited to dine with a party where that gentleman was, and the company consisting chiefly of lawyers,—as dinner parties unfortunately are in the modern Athens,—he amused them with the story of the Leddy's legal knowledge.

Glengael, from the interest which he took in his young friend, Walkinshaw, whom he had left at the castle, was led to inquire somewhat particularly into the history of the Kittlestonheugh family, expressing his surprise and suspicion, in common with the rest of the company, as to the motives which could have influenced a person of Milrookit's character to comply so readily with a demand so preposterous.

One thing led on to another, and Mr Whitteret recollected something of the deed which had been prepared when he was in Mr Keelevin's office, and how old Grippy died before it was executed. The object of this deed was then discussed, and the idea presenting itself to the mind of

Glengael, that, possibly, it might have some connection with the Entail, inquired more particularly respecting the terms of that very extraordinary settlement, expressing his astonishment that it should not have contained a clause to oblige the person marrying the heiress to take the name of Walkinshaw, to which the old man, by all accounts, had been so much attached. The whole affair, the more it was considered, seemed the more mysterious; and the conclusion in the penetrating mind of Mr Frazer was, that Milrookit had undoubtedly some strong reason for so quietly hushing the old Leddy's claim.

His opinion at the moment was, that Robina's father had left a will, making some liberal provision for his sister-in-law's family; and that Milrookit was anxious to stand on such terms with his connections, as would prevent any of them, now that Walkinshaw had left Glasgow, from inquiring too anxiously into the state of his father-in-law's affairs. But, with-

out expressing what was passing in his mind, he so managed the conversation as to draw out the several opinions of his legal brethren. Some of them coincided with his own. There was, however, one old pawkie and shrewd writer to the signet present, who remained silent, but whom Mr Frazer observed attending with an uncommon degree of earnest and eager watchfulness to what was said, practising, in fact, nearly the same sort of policy which prompted himself to lead the conversation.

Mr Pilledge,—for so this W. S. was called—had acquired a considerable fortune and reputation in the Parliament House, by the address with which he discovered dormant rights and legal heirs; and Mr Frazer had no doubt, from the evident interest which he had taken in the Kittlestonheugh story, that he would soon take some steps to ascertain the real motives which had led Milrookit to act in the Leddy's case so inconsistently with his ge-

neral character. In so far he was, therefore, not displeased to observe his earnestness; but he had often heard it said, that Mr Pilledge was in the practice of making bargains with those clients whose dormant rights he undertook to establish, by which it was insinuated that he had chiefly built up his fortune—his general practice being very limited; and Mr Frazer resolved to watch his movements, in order to protect his young friend.

This opinion of Pilledge was not unfounded; for the same evening, after the party broke up, he accompanied Whitteret to the hotel where he staid, and, in the course of the walk, renewed the conversation respecting the singular entail of old Grippy. The Glasgow lawyer was shrewd enough to perceive, that such unusual interest in a case where he had no concern could not be dictated by the mere wonder and curiosity which the Writer to the Signet affected to express; but, being unacquainted with the general character of

Pilledge, he ascribed his questions and conjectures to the effect of professional feelings perplexed by a remarkable case.

But it happened next morning that he had occasion to attend a consultation with Mr Frazer, who, taking an opportunity to revert to the subject, which had so occupied their attention on the preceding afternoon, gave him a hint to be on his guard with respect to Pilledge, suggesting, on Walkinshaw's account, that Whitteret might find it of advantage to himself, could he really ascertain the secret reasons and motives by which the possessor of the Kittlestonheugh estate was actuated.

"It would not give you much trouble," said he, "were you to step into the Register Office, and look at the terms of the original deed of entail; for although the disinheritance of the eldest son, as I have always understood, was final, there may be some flaw in the succession with respect to the daughter."

This extrajudicial advice was not lost. As soon as the consultation was over, Whitteret went to the Register Office, where, not a little to his surprise, he found Pilledge, as Frazer had suspected, already in the act of reading the registered deed of the entail. A short conversation then ensued, in which Whitteret intimated that he had also come for the same purpose.

"Then," said Pilledge, "let us go together, for it appears to me that the heirs-female of the sons do not succeed before the heirs whatsoever of the daughters; and Milrookit's right would be preferable to that of his wife, if the eldest son has not left a son."

"But the eldest son has left a son," replied Whitteret.

"In that case," said Pilledge, "we may make a good thing of it with him. I'll propose to him to undertake his claim upon an agreement for half the rent, in the event of success, and we can divide the bakes."

" You may save yourself the trouble," replied Whitteret coolly; " for I shall write to him by the first post—in the meantime, Mr Frazer has authorized me to act."

" Frazer! how can he authorize you?" said Pilledge discontentedly.

" He knows that best himself; but the right of the son of the oldest son is so clear, that there will be no room for any proceedings."

" You are mistaken there," replied Pilledge, eagerly. " I never saw a deed yet that I could not drive a horse and cart through, and I should think that Milrookit is not such a fool, as to part with the estate without a struggle. But since you are agent for the heir of entail, I will offer to conduct the respondent's case. I think you said he is rich, independent of the heritable subject."

This conscientious conversation was abruptly terminated on the part of Whitteret, who immediately went to Mr Frazer,

and communicated the important discovery which had been made, with respect to Walkinshaw being the heir of entail. He also mentioned something of what had passed with Mr Pilledge, expressing his apprehensions, from what he knew of Pitwinnoch, Milrookit's man of business, in Glasgow, that Pilledge, with his assistance, might involve the heir in expensive litigation.

Mr Frazer knew enough of the metaphysical ingenuity of the Parliament House, to be aware that, however clear and evident any right might be, it was never beyond the possibility of dispute there, and he immediately suggested that some steps should be taken, to induce Milrookit at once to resign the possession of the property; but, while they were thus speaking Pilledge was already on the road to Glasgow, to apprise Milrookit of what was impending, and to counsel him to resist.

CHAP. XXIV.

From the circumstance of Milrookit and Robina staying with the Leddy at the time of their marriage, the porter at the inn, where Pilledge alighted on his arrival at Glasgow, supposed they lived in her house, and conducted him there. But, on reaching the door, seeing the name of Mrs Walkinshaw on a brass plate, not quite so large as the one that the Lord Provost of the royal city sported on the occasion of his Majesty's most gracious visit to the lawful and intellectual metropolis of his ancient kingdom, he resolved to address himself to her, for what purpose it would not be easy to say, further than he thought, perhaps, from what he had heard of her character, that she might be of use in the

projected litigation. Accordingly, he applied his hand to the knocker, and was shown into the room where she was sitting alone, spinning.

"You are the lady," said he, "I presume, of the late much respected Mr Claud Walkinshaw, commonly styled of Grippy."

"So they say, for want o' a better," replied the Leddy, stopping at the same time her wheel and looking up to him; "but wha are ye, and what's your will?"

"My name is Pilledge. I am a writer to the signet, and I have come to see Mr Milrookit of Kittlestonheugh, respecting an important piece of business;"—and he seated himself unbidden. As he said this, the Leddy pricked up her ears, for, exulting in her own knowledge of the law, by which she had recently so triumphed, as she thought, she became eager to know what the important piece of business could be, and replied,—

"Nae doot, it's anent the law-plea he

has been brought into, on account of his property."

Milrookit had been engaged in no suit whatever, but this was the way she took to trot the Edinburgh writer, and she added,—

" How do ye think it'ill gang wi' him? Is there ony prospect o' the Lord Ordinary coming to a decision on the pursuer's petition ?"

This really looked so like the language of the Parliament House, considering it came from an old lady, that Pilledge was taken in, and his thoughts running on the entail, he immediately fancied that she alluded to something connected with it, and said,—

"I should think, Madam, that your evidence would be of the utmost importance to the case, and it was to advise with him chiefly as to the line of defence he ought to take that I came from Edinburgh."

" Nae doot, Sir, I could gie an evidence, and instruct on the merits of the inter-

dict," said she learnedly; "but I ne'er hae yet been able to come to a right understanding anent and concerning the different aforesaids set forth in the respondent's reclaiming petition. Noo, I would be greatly obligated if ye would expone to me the nice point, that I may be able to decern accordingly."

The Writer to the Signet had never heard a clearer argument, either at the bar or on the bench, and he replied,—

"Indeed, Mem, it lies in a very small compass. It appears that the heir-male of your eldest son is the rightful heir of entail; but there are so many difficulties in the terms of the settlement, that I should not be surprised were the Court to set the deed aside, in which case, Mrs Milrookit would still retain the estate, as heir-at-law of her father."

We must allow the reader to conceive with what feelings the Leddy heard this; but new and wonderful as it was felt to

be, she still preserved her juridical gravity, and said,—

"It's vera true what ye say, Sir, that the heir-male of my eldest son,—is a son,—I can easily understand that point o' law;—but can ye tell me how the heir-at-law of her father, Mrs Milrookit that is, came to be a dochter, when it was ay the intent and purpose o' my friend that's awa, the testator, to make no provision but for heirs-male, which his heart, poor man, was overly set on. Howsever, I suppose that's to be considered in the precognition."

"Certainly, Mem," replied the Writer to the Signet; "nothing is more clear than that your husband intended the estate to go, in the first instance, to the heirs-male of his sons; first to those of Walter, the second son; and failing them, to those of George, the third son; and failing them, then to go back to the heirs-male of Charles, the eldest son; and failing them, to the heirs-general of Margaret, your

daughter. It is, therefore, perfectly clear, that Mrs Milrookit being, as you justly observe, a daughter, the estate, according to the terms of the settlement, passes her, and goes to the heir of entail, who is the son of your eldest son."

"I understand that weel," said the Leddy; "it's as plain as a pike-staff, that my oe Jamie, the soldier-officer, is by right the heir; and I dinna see how Walky Milrookit, or his wife Beenie, that is, according to law, Robina, can, by any decreet o' Court, keep him out of his ain,—poor laddie."

"It is very natural for you, Mem, to say so; but the case has other points, and especially as the heir of entail is in the army, I certainly would not advise Mr Milrookit to surrender."

"But he'll be maybe counselled better," rejoined the Leddy, inwardly rejoicing at the discovery she had made, and anxious to get rid of the visitor, in order that she might act at once, "and if ye'll tak my

advice, ye'll no sca'd your lips in other folks' kail. Mr Pitwinnoch is just as gude a Belzebub's baby for a law-plea, as ony Writer to the Signet in that bottomless pit, the House o' Parliament in Edinbrough; and since ye hae told me what ye hae done, it's but right to let you ken what I'll do. As yet I hae had but ae lawsuit, and I trow it was soon brought, by my own mediation, to a victory; but it winna be lang till I hae another; for if Milrookit does na consent, the morn's morning, to gie up the Kittlestonheugh, he'll soon fin' again what it is to plea wi a woman o' my experience."

Pilledge was petrified; he saw that he was in the hands of the Leddy, and that she had completely over-reached him. But still he was resolved that his journey should not be barren if he could possibly prevent it. He accordingly wished her good afternoon, and, returning to the inn, ordered a chaise, and proceeded to Kittlestonheugh.

The moment that he left the Leddy, her cloak and bonnet were put in requisition, and attended by her maid, on whose arm she leaned, being still lame with the rheumatism, she sallied forth to Pitwinnoch's office, resolved on action.

He had not, however, acted on what she called her great Bed and Board plea entirely to her satisfaction; for she thought, had he seen the rights of her case as well as she did herself, and had counselled her better, she might have got much more than a thousand pounds. She was, therefore, determined, if he showed the least hesitation in obeying her "peremptors," that she would immediately proceed to Mr Whitteret's office, and appoint him her agent. How she happened to imagine that she had any right to institute proceedings against Milrookit, for the restoration of the estate to Walkinshaw, will be best understood by our narrative of what passed at the Consultation.

CHAP. XXV.

"It was a happy thing for me, Mr Pitwinnoch," said the Leddy, after being seated in his inner chamber,—"a happy thing, indeed, that I had a father, and sic a father as he was. Weel kent he the rights o' the law; so that I may say I was brought up at the feet o' Gamaliel. But the bed and board plea, Mr Pitwinnoch, that ye thought sae lightly o', and wanted me to mak a sacrifice o' wi' an arbitration, was bairn's play to the case I hae noo in hand. Ye maun ken, then, that I hae ta'en a suspektion in my head, that Milrookit—the de'il rook him for what he did to me—has nae right because to keep, in a wrongous manner, my gudeman's estate and property o' the Kittlestonheugh. 'Deed, Mr Pitwinnoch, ye may glower; but it's my intent

and purpose to gar him surrender at discretion, in due course of law. So he'll see what it is to deal wi'a woman o'my legality. In short, Mr Pitwinnoch, I'll mak him fin' that I'm a statute at large; for, as I said before, the thousand pounds was but erl's, and a foretaste, that I hae been oure lang, Mr Pitwinnoch, of going to law."

"You surprise me, Madam,—I cannot understand what you mean," replied the astonished lawyer.

"Your surprise, and having no understanding, Mr Pitwinnoch, is a symptom to me that ye're no qualified to conduct my case; but, before going to Thomas Whitteret, who, as I am creditably informed, is a man o' a most great capacity, I thought it was but right to sound the depth o' your judgment and learning o' the law; and if I found you o' a proper sufficiency, to gie you a preferment, 'cause ye were my agent in the last plea."

"But, Madam," said the astonished lawyer, "how can you possibly have fancied

that Mr Milrookit has not, in right of his wife, properly succeeded to the estate?"

"Because she's no a male-heir—being in terms of the act—but a woman. What say ye to that? Is na that baith a nice point and a ground of action? Na, ye need na look sae constipated, Mr Pitwinnoch, for the heirs-general o' Margaret, the dochter, hae a better right than the heir-at-law o' George, the third and last son, the same being an heir-female."

"In the name of goodness, where have you, Madam, collected all this stuff?"

"Stuff! Mr Pitwinnoch, is that the way to speak o' my legality? Howsever, since ye're sae dumfoundert, I'll just be as plain's am pleasant wi' you. Stuff truly! I think Mr Whitteret's the man for me."

"I beg your pardon, Mrs Walkinshaw; but I wish you would be a little more explicit, and come to the point."

"Have na I come to ae point already, anent the male-heir."

"True, Madam," said the lawyer; "but

even, admitting all you have stated to be perfectly correct, Mr Milrookit then has the right in himself, for you know it is to the heirs-general of his mother, and not to herself, that the property goes."

"Ye need na tell me that. Do you think I dinna ken that he's an heir-general to his mother, being her only child? Ye mak light, I canna but say, o' my understanding, Mr Pitwinnoch.—Howsever, is't no plain that his wife, not being an heir-male, is debarred frae succeeding; and, he being an heir-general, cannot, according to the law of the case, succeed? Surely, Mr Pitwinnoch, that's no to be contested? Therefore, I maintain that he is lawfully bound to renounce the property, and that he shall do the morn's morning if there's a toun-officer in Glasgow."

"But, Madam, you have no possible right to it," exclaimed the lawyer, puzzled.

"Me! am I a male-heir? an aged woman, and a grandmother! Surely, Mr Pitwinnoch, your education maun hae been

greatly neglekit, to ken so little o' the laws o' nature and nations. No: the heir-male is a young man, the eldest son's only son."

The lawyer began to quake for his client as the Leddy proceeded,—

"For ye ken that the deed of entail was first on Walter, the second son; and, failing his heirs-male, then on George and his heirs-male; and, failing them, then it went back to Charles the eldest son, and to his heirs-male; if there's law in the land, his only son ought to be an heir-male, afore Milrookit's wife that's but an only dochter."

"Has Mr Whitteret put this into your head?—he was bred wi' Keelevin, who drew up the deed," said the lawyer seriously, struck with the knowledge which the Leddy seemed to have so miraculously acquired of the provisions of the entail.

"I dinna need Mr Whitteret, nor ony siclike, to instruct me in terms o' law—for I got an inkling and an instinct o' the whole nine points frae my worthy father, that was himsel bred an advocate, and had

more law-pleas on his hands when he died than ony ither three lairds in Carrick, Coil, and Cunningham. But no to be my own trumpeter—ye'll just, Mr Pitwinnoch, write a mandamus to Milrookit, in a civil manner—mind that; and tell him in the same, that I'll be greatly obligated if he'll gie up the house and property of Kittlestonheugh to the heir-male, James Walkinshaw, his cousin; or, failing therein, ye'll say that I hae implemented you to pronounce an interlocutor against him; and ye may gie him a bit hint frae yoursel—in a noty beny at the bottom—that you advise him to conform, because you are creditably informed that I mean to pursue him wi' a the law o' my displeasure."

"Does your grandson know any thing of this extraordinary business?" said Pitwinnoch; but the Leddy parried the question by saying,—

"That's no our present sederunt; but I would ask you, if ye do not think I hae the justice o' this plea?"

" Indeed, Madam, to say the truth, I shall not be surprised if you have ; but there is no need to be so peremptory—the business may be as well settled by an amicable arrangement."

" What's the use of an amicable arrangement? Is na the law the law ? Surely I did na come to a lawyer for sic dowf and dowie proceedings as amicable arrangements—no, Mr Pitwinnoch, ye see yoursel that I hae decern't on the rights o' the case, and therefore (for I maun be short wi' you, for talking to me o' amicable arrangements) ye may save your breath to cool your porridge; my will and pleasure is, that Walkinshaw Milrookit shall do to-morrow morning—in manner of law—then and there—dispone and surrender unto the heir-male of the late Claud Walkinshaw of Kittlestonheugh, in the shire o' Lanark, and synod of Glasgow and Ayr—all and sundry the houses and lands aforesaid, according to the provisions of an act made and passed in the reign of

our Sovereign Lord the King. Ye see, Mr Pitwinnoch, that I'm no a daw in barrow't feathers, to be picket and pooket in the way I was by sic trash as the Milrookits."

The Leddy, having thus instructed her lawyer, bade him adieu, and returned home, leaning on her maid's arm, and on the best possible terms with herself, scarcely for a moment doubting a favourable result to a proceeding that in courtesy we must call her second law-suit.

CHAP. XXVI.

THE shipwreck of the third Laird had left an awful impression on the minds of all the Glengael party, who, immediately after that disaster, returned to the castle. To Mrs Eadie it afforded the strongest confirmation that she had inherited the inspiring mantle of her maternal race; and her dreams and visions, which happily for herself were of the most encouraging augury, became more and more frequent, and her language increased in mystery and metaphor.

"Death," said she, "has performed his task—the winds of heaven and the ocean waves have obeyed the mandate, and the moon has verified her influence on the destinies of men. But the volume, with the brazen clasps, has not yet been opened—the

chronicled wisdom of ages has not yet been unfolded—Antiquity and Learning are still silent in their niches, and their faces veiled."

It was of no avail to argue with her, even in her soberest moods, against the fatal consequences of yielding so entirely to the somnambulism of her malady. Her friends listened to her with a solemn compassion, and only hoped that, in the course of the summer, some improvement might take place in her health, and allay that extreme occasional excitement of her nervous system which produced such mournful effects on a mind of rare and splendid endowments. In the hopes of this favourable change, it was agreed, when Mr Frazer was called to Edinburgh on professional business, as we have already mentioned, that the family should, on her account, remain till late in the year at Glengael.

Meanwhile Walkinshaw and French Frazer were proceeding with their recruit-

ing; and it was soon evident to the whole party that the latter had attached himself in a particular manner to Mary. Mrs Eadie, if not the first who observed it, was the first who spoke of it; but, instead of using that sort of strain which ladies of a certain age commonly employ on such affairs, she boded of bridal banquets in the loftiest poetry of her prophetical phraseology. The fortunes of Walkinshaw and Ellen were lost sight of in the mystical presages of this new theme, till the letters arrived from Mr Frazer, announcing the discovery of the provisions in the deed of entail, and requesting his young friend to come immediately to Edinburgh. "The clasped book of antiquity," said Mrs Eadie, "is now open. Who shall dispute the oracles of fate?"

But with all the perspicuity of her second sight, she saw nothing of what was passing at Kittlestonheugh on the same afternoon in which these letters reached the castle.

Mr Pilledge, it will be recollected, immediately after his interview with the Leddy, proceeded in a post-chaise to see Milrookit; and, as he was not embarrassed with much professional diffidence, the purpose of his visit was soon explained. The consternation with which Walky heard of the discovery will be easier imagined than described; but something like a ray of hope and pleasure glimmered in the prospect that Pilledge held out of being able either to break the entail, or to procrastinate the contest to an indefinite period at an expence of less than half the rental of the property.

While they were thus engaged in discussing the subject, and Milrookit was entering as cordially into the views of the Edinburgh writer, as could on so short a notice be reasonably expected, Mr Pitwinnoch was announced. The instinct of birds of a feather, as the proverb says, had often before brought him into contact with Pilledge, and a few words of explanation

enabled the triumvirate to understand the feelings of each other thoroughly.

"But," said Pitwinnoch, "I am instructed to take immediate steps, to establish the rights of the heir of entail."

"So much the better," replied Pilledge; "the business could not be in abler hands. You can act for your client in the most satisfactory manner, and as Mr Milrookit will authorize me to proceed for him, it will be hard if we cannot make a tough pull."

Mr Pitwinnoch thought so too, and then amused them with a laughable account of the instructions he had received from the Leddy, to demand the surrender of the estate, and the acknowledgment of the heir, in the course of the following day. Pilledge, in like manner, recounted, in his dry and pawkie style, the interview which he had himself with the same ingenious and redoubtable matron; and that nothing might be wanting to the enjoyment of their jokes and funny recitals, Milrookit

ordered in wine, and they were all as jocose as possible, when the servant brought a letter—it was from Mr Whitteret, written at the suggestion of Mr Frazer, to whom he had, immediately after parting from Pilledge in the Register Office, communicated the discovery. It simply announced, that steps were taken to serve Walkinshaw heir to the estate, and suggested on account of the relationship of the parties, that it might be as well to obviate, by an admission of the claim, the necessity of any exposure, or of the institution of unpleasant proceedings, for the fraud that had been practised.

Milrookit trembled as he read,—Pitwinnoch looked aghast, for he perceived that his own conduct in the transaction might be sifted; and Pilledge, foreseeing there would be no use for him, quietly took his hat and slipped away, leaving them to their own meditations.

"This is a dreadful calamity," were the

first words that Milrookit uttered, after a silence of several minutes.

"It is a most unlucky discovery," said Pitwinnoch.

"And this threat of exposure," responded his client.

"And my character brought into peril!" exclaimed the lawyer.

"Had you not rashly advised me," said Milrookit, "I should never for a moment have thought of retaining the property."

"Both your father and yourself, Sir," retorted the lawyer, "thought if it could be done, it ought; I but did my duty as your lawyer, in recommending what you so evidently wished."

"That is not the fact, Sir," replied Milrookit, sharply, and the conversation proceeded to become more abrupt and vehement, till the anger of high words assumed the form of action, and the lawyer and his client rushed like two bull-dogs on each other. At that crisis, the door was suddenly opened, and the old Leddy looking in, said,—

"Shake him weel, Mr Pitwinnoch, and if he'll no conform, I redde ye gar him conform."

The rage of the combatants was instantly extinguished, and they stood pale, and confounded, trembling in every limb.

It had happened, after the Leddy returned home from Pitwinnoch's, that Robina called, in the carriage, to effect, if possible, a reconciliation with her, which, for reasons we need not mention, her husband had engaged her that afternoon to do, and she had, in consequence, brought her, in the spirit of friendship, as she imagined, out to Kittlestonheugh. The Leddy, however, prided herself on being almost as dexterous a diplomatician as she was learned in the law, and she affected to receive her grand-daughter in the spirit of a total oblivion of all injuries.

"Ye ken, Beenie, my dear," said she, "that I'm an aged person, and for a' the few and evil days I hae before me in this howling wilderness, it's vera natural that I should like to make a conciliation

wi' my grand-childer, who, I hope, will a' live in comfort wi' one another—every one getting his own right, for it's a sore thing to go to law, although I hae some reason to know that there are folks in our family that ken mair o' the nine points than they let wit—so I'm cordial glad to see you, Beenie, and I take it so kind, that if ye'll gie me a hurl in the carriage, and send me hame at night, I'll no object to gang wi' you and speer for your gudeman, for whom I hae a' manner o' respek, even though he was a thought unreasonable anent my charge o' moderation for the bed and board."

But the truth is, that the Leddy, from the moment Robina entered the room, was seized with the thirst of curiosity to know how Milrookit would receive the claim, and had, in this eccentric manner, contrived to get herself taken to the scene of action.

CHAP. XXVII.

RECALLED to their senses by the interruption, both Milrookit and his lawyer saw that their interests and characters were too intimately linked in the consequences of the discovery to allow them to incur the hazards of a public disclosure. Pitwinnoch was the first who recovered his presence of mind, and, with great cleverness, he suddenly turned round, and addressed himself to the Leddy :—

" Though we have had a few words, Mr Milrookit is quite sensible that he has not a shadow of reason to withhold the estate from the heir of entail. He will give it up the moment that it is demanded."

" Then, I demand it this moment," exclaimed the Leddy ; " and out of this house,

that was my ain, I'll no depart till Jamie Walkinshaw, the righteous male-heir, comes to tak possession. It was a most jewdical habit and repute like action o' you, Walky Milrookit, to reset and keep this fine property on a point of law; and I canna see how ye'll clear your character o' the coom ye hae brought on't by sic a diminishment of the grounds of the case between an heir-male and an heir-female."

Milrookit, seeing his wife coming into the room, and eager to get the business closed as happily as possible, requested Pitwinnoch to follow him into another apartment; to which they immediately retired, leaving the ladies together.

"Beenie," said the Leddy, with the most ineffable self-satisfied equanimity, "I hope ye'll prepare yoursel to hear wi' composity the sore affliction that I'm ordain't to gie you. Eh, Beenie! honesty's a braw thing; and I'll no say that your gudeman, my ain oe, hasna been a deevil that should

get his dues—what they are, the laws and lawyers as weel as me ken are little short o' the halter. But, for a' that, our ain kith and kin, Beenie—we maun jook and let the jawp gae bye. So I counsel you to pack up your ends and your awls, and flit your camp wi' a' the speed ye dow; for there's no saying what a rampageous soldier-officer, whose trade is to shoot folk, may say or do, when Jamie Walkinshaw comes to ken the battle that I hae fought wi' sic triumphing."

Mrs Milrookit, who was totally uninformed either of the circumstances of her situation, or of what had taken place, scarcely felt more amazement than terror at this speech, and in perceiving that her grandmother was acquainted with the business which had brought her husband and Pitwinnoch to such high words, that their voices were heard before the carriage reached the door.

"What has happened?" was the anxious exclamation of her alarm.

"Only a discovery that has been made among the Faculty o' Advocates, that a dochter's no a male-heir. So you being but the heir-female of George, the third son, by course o' nature the property goes back to the son of Charles the eldest son—he being, in the words of the act, an heir-male, and your husband, Walkinshaw Milrookit, being an heir-general of Margaret, the daughter, is, in a sense o' law, no heir at all, which is the reason that your cousin Jamie comes in for the estate, and that you and Milrookit must take up your bed, and walk to some other dwelling-place; for here, at Kittlestonheugh, ye hae no continued city, Beenie, my dear, and I'm very sorry for you. It's wi' a very heavy heart, and an e'e o' pity, that I'm obligated not to be beautiful on the mountains, but to tell you thir sore news."

"Then I'm to understand," replied Robina, with a degree of composure that surprised the Leddy, "it has been discovered that my uncle Charles' family were not

entirely disinherited, but that James succeeds to the estate? It is only to be regretted that this was not known sooner, before we took up our residence here."

"It's an auld saying, Beenie, and a true saying, as I know from my own experience, that the law is a tether o' length and durability; so ye need be nane surprised, considering the short time bygane since your father's death, that the pannel was na brought to judgment sooner. Indeed, if it had na been by my instrumentality, and the implementing o' the case that I gied to Pitwinnoch, there's no saying how long it would hae been pending afore the Lords."

While the Leddy was thus delivering what she called her dark sentence o' legality, Pitwinnoch and Milrookit returned into the room, and the former said to the Leddy,—

"I'm happy to inform you, Madam, that Mr Milrookit acts in the handsomest

manner. He is quite satisfied that his cousin, Mr Walkinshaw, is the true heir of entail, and is prepared to resign the estate at once."

"Did na I prove to you, Mr Pitwinnoch, that wi' baith his feet he had na ae leg in law to stand on; but ye misdootit my judgment," replied the Leddy, exultingly.

"But," continued the lawyer, "in consideration of this most honourable acquiescence at once on his part, I have undertaken that ye'll repay the thousand pounds, which, you must be sensible, was a most ridiculous sum for six weeks' bed and board in your house."

"Truly, and ye're no far wrang, Mr Pitwinnoch. It was a vera ridiculous soom; for, if I had stood out, I might hae got twa thousand, if no mair. But I canna understand how it is possible you can think I'll part wi' my lawful won money for naething.—What's the gieing up o' the estate to the male heir to me?

I'll get neither plack nor bawbee by't, unless it please Jamie to gie me a bit present, by way o' a fee, for counselling you how to set about the precognition that's gotten him his right.—Na, na, no ae farthing will I faik."

"Then, Madam, I shall feel it my duty to advise Mr Milrookit to revive the question, and take the matter into Court upon a ground of error," said the lawyer.

"Tak it, tak it, pleasure yoursel in that way; ye can do naething mair cordial to me;—but I think ye ought to know, and Milrookit to understand, baith by bed, board, and washing, and heirs-male, what it is to try the law wi' me."

The lawyer and his client exchanged looks: the Leddy, however, continued her address,—

"Howsever, Mr Pitwinnoch, sure am I there was no mistake in the business; for ye'll bear in mind that ye made me an offer of twa hundred, the whilk I refused, and then ye brought me my justly due.

That settles the point o' law,—tak my word for't."

"I am afraid," said Pitwinnoch to his rueful client, "that there is no chance"—

"'Deed no, Mr Pitwinnoch," replied the Leddy; "neither pursuer nor respondent has ony chance wi' me in that plea; so just shake your lugs and lie down again. A' your barking would prove afore the Lords but as water spilt on the ground; for the money is in an heritable bond, and the whilk bond is in my hands; that's the strong ground o' the case,—touch it whan ye may."

Pitwinnoch could with difficulty keep his gravity, and poor Milrookit, finding he had so overreached himself, said,—

"Well, but when you make your will, I trust and hope you will then consider how simply I gave you the money."

"Mak my will!—that's a delicate hint to an aged woman. I'll no forget that,—and as to your simplicity in paying the justly due for bed, board, and washing,—

was na every pound got as if it had been a tooth out o' your head, howkit out by course and force o' law?"

"In truth, Leddy," said Pitwinnoch, we are all friends here, and it's just as well to speak freely. I advised Mr Milrookit to pay you the money, rather than hazard any question that might possibly attract attention to the provisions of the entail; but now since the whole has been brought to an issue, you must be sensible that he suffers enough in losing the estate, and that you ought to give him back the money."

The Leddy sat for several minutes silent, evidently cogitating an answer, at the end of which she raised her eyes, and said to Pitwinnoch,—

"I can see as far through a milstane as ye can do through a fir deal, and maybe I may tak it in my head to raise a plea wi' you in an action of damages, for plotting and libelling in the way that it's vera visible ye hae done, jointly and severally, in

a plea of the crown; and aiblins I'll no tak less than a thousand pounds;—so, Mr Pitwinnoch, keep your neck out o' the woody o' a law-plea wi' me, if ye can; for, in the way of business, I hae done wi' you; and, as soon as Mr Whitteret comes hame, I'll see whether I ought not to instruct in a case against you for the art and part conspiracy of the thousand pounds."

Milrookit himself was obliged to laugh at the look of consternation with which this thunderclap broke over the lawyer, who, unable to withstand the absurdity of the threat, and yet alarmed for the consequences to his reputation, which such an attempt would entail, hastily retired.

CHAP. XXVIII.

The Leddy having so happily brought her second law-suit to a victorious issue, and already menacing a third, did not feel that her triumph would be complete, until she had obtained the plaudits of the world; and the first person on whom she resolved to levy her exactions of applause was naturally enough the mother of Walkinshaw.

As soon as Pitwinnoch had left the house, she persuaded Milrookit to send the carriage for Mrs Charles, with injunctions to the coachman not to say a word of what had passed, as she intended herself to have the pleasure of communicating the glad tidings. This he very readily agreed to; for, notwithstanding the grudge which he felt at having been so simply

mulcted of so large a sum, he really felt his mind relieved by the result of the discovery; perhaps, in complying, he had some sinister view towards the Leddy's good will—some distant vista of his thousand pounds.

Mrs Charles was a good deal surprised at the message to come immediately to Kittlestonheugh; and her timid and gentle spirit, in consequence of learning from the coachman that the old lady was there, anticipated some disaster to her son. Her fears fluttered as she drove on alone. The broad dark shadows that had crossed the path of her past pilgrimage were remembered with melancholy forebodings, and the twilight of the evening having almost faded into night, she caught gloomy presentiments from the time, and sighed that there was no end to her sorrows.

The season was now advanced into September; and though the air was clear, the darkness of the road, the silence of the fields, and the occasional glimmers of the

fire that the horses' hoofs struck from the stones, awakened associations of doubt, anxiety, and danger; but the serene magnificence of the starry heavens inspired hope, and the all-encompassing sky seemed to her the universal wings of Providence, vigilant and protecting with innumerable millions of eyes.

Still the devotional enthusiasm of that fancy was but a transient glow on the habitual pale cast of her thoughts; and she saw before her, in the remainder of her mortal journey, only a continuance of the same road which she had long travelled—a narrow and a difficult track across a sterile waste, harsh with brambles, and bleak and lonely.

So is it often, under the eclipse of fortune, even with the bravest spirits; forgetting how suddenly before, in the darkest hour the views of life have changed, they yield to the aspect of the moment, and breathe the mean and peevish complaints of faithlessness and despondency.

Let it not, therefore, be imputed as an unworthy weakness, that a delicate and lowly widow, whose constant experience had been an unbroken succession of disappointments and humiliations, should, in such an hour, and shrinking with the sensibilities of a mother, wonder almost to sinning why she had been made to suffer such a constancy of griefs. But the midnight of her fate was now past, and the dawn was soon to open upon her with all its festal attributes of a bright and joyous morning—though our friend the Leddy was not so brisk in communicating the change as we could have wished.

She was sitting alone in the parlour when the carriage returned; and as the trembling mother was shown into the room, she received her with the most lugubrious face that her features could assume.

"Come awa, Bell Fatherlans," said she, "come away, and sit down. O this is a most uncertain world—nothing in it has

stability;—the winds blow—the waters run—the grass grows—the snow falls—the day flieth away unto the uttermost parts of the sea, and the night hideth her head in the morning cloud, and perisheth for evermore. Many a lesson we get—many a warning to set our thoughts on things above; but we're ay sinking, sinking, sinking, as the sparks fly upward.—Bell, Bell, we're a' like thorns crackling under a kail-pot."

"What has occurred?" exclaimed Mrs Charles; "I beg you'll tell me at once."

"So I will, when I hae solaced you into a religious frame o' mind to hear me wi' a Christian composity o' temper; for what I maun tell is, though I say't mysel, a something."

"For goodness and mercy, I entreat you to proceed.—Where is Mr Milrookit? where is Robina?"

"Ye need na hope to see muckle o' them the night," replied the Leddy. "Poor folk, they hae gotten their hands filled wi'

cares. O Bell, Bell—when I think o't—it's a judgment—it's a judgment, Bell Fatherlans, aboon the capacity o' man! Really, when I consider how I hae been directit—and a' by my own skill, knowledge, wisdom, and understanding—it's past a' comprehension. What would my worthy father hae said had he lived to see the day that his dochter won sic a braw estate by her ain interlocutors?—and what would your gudefather hae said, when he was ay brag bragging o' the conquest he had made o' the Kittlestonheugh o' his ancestors—the whilk took him a lifetime to do—had he seen me, just wi' a single whisk o' dexterity, a bit touch of the law, make the vera same conquest for your son Jamie Walkinshaw in less than twa hours?"

"You astonish me! to what do you allude? I am amazed, and beginning to be confounded," said Mrs Charles.

"Indeed it is no wonder," replied the Leddy; "for wha would hae thought it, that I, an aged 'literate grandmother, would

hae bamboozlet an Embrough Writer to the Signet on a nice point, and found out the ground of an action for damages against that tod o' a bodie Pitwinnoch, for intromitting wi' ane of the four pleas o' the Crown? Had I kent what I ken now, uncle Watty might still hae been to the fore, and in the full possession of his seven lawful senses—for, woman as I am, I would hae been my own man o' business, counsel, and executioner, in the concos mentos sederunt—whereby I was so 'frauded o' my rightful hope and expectation. But Pitwinnoch will soon fin' the weight o' the lion's paw that his doobileecity has roused in me."

Mrs Charles, who was much amused by the exultation with which the Leddy had recounted her exploits in the bed and board plea, perceiving that some new triumph equally improbable had occurred, felt her anxieties subside into curiosity; and being now tolerably mistress of her feelings, she again inquired what had happened.

"I'll tell you," said the Leddy; "and surely it's right and proper you his mother should know, that, through my implementing, it has been discovered that your son is an heir-male according to law!"

"No possible!" exclaimed the delighted mother, the whole truth flashing at once on her mind.

"Aye, that's just as I might hae expectit—a prophet ne'er got honour in his own country; and so a' the thank I'm to get for my pains is a no possible!" said the Leddy offended, mistaking the meaning of the interjection. "But it is a true possible; and Milrookit has consentit to adjudicate the estate—so ye see how ye're raised to pride and affluence by my instrumentality. Firstly, by the bed and board plea, I found a mean to revisidend your 'nuity; and secondly, I hae found the libel proven, that Beenie, being a dochter, is an heir-female, and is, by course of law, obligated to renounce the estate."

"This is most extraordinary news, in-

deed," rejoined Mrs Charles, "after for so many years believing my poor children so destitute;" and a flood of tears happily came to her relief.

"But, Bell Fatherlans," resumed the Leddy, "I'll tak you wi' the tear in your ee, as both you and Jamie maun be sensible, that, but for my discerning, this great thing never could hae been brought to a come-to-pass. I hope ye'll confabble thegither anent the loss I sustained by what happened to uncle Watty, and mak me a reasonable compensation out o' the rents; the whilk are noo, as I am creditably informed, better than fifteen hundred pounds per anno Domini, that's the legality for the year o' our Lord;—a sma' matter will be a great satisfaction."

"Indeed," said Mrs Charles, "James owes you much; and your kindness in giving him the bill so generously, I know, has made a very deep impression on his heart."

"He was ay a blithe and kindly crea-

ture," exclaimed the Leddy, wiping her eye, as if a tear had actually shot into it—"and may be it winna fare the waur wi' him when I'm dead and gone. For I'll let you into a secret—it's my purpose to mak a last will and testament, and cut off Milrookit wi' a shilling, for his horridable niggerality about the bed and board concern. Na, for that matter, as ye'll can fen noo without ony 'nuity, but your ain son's affection, I hae a great mind, and I'll do't too—that's what I will—for fear I should be wheedled into an adversary by my dochter Meg for the Milrookits,—I'll gie the thousand pound heritable bond to your Mary for a tocher; is not that most genteel of me? I doot few families hae had a grandmother for their ancestor like yours."

Some farther conversation to the same effect was continued, and the injustice which Milrookit had attempted seemed to Mrs Charles considerably extenuated by the readiness with which he had acknowledged the rights of her son. For, notwith-

standing all the Leddy's triumphant oratory and legal phraseology, she had no difficulty in perceiving the true circumstances of the case.

CHAP. XXIX.

In the opinion of all the most judicious critics, the Iliad terminated with the death of Hector; but, as Homer has entertained us with the mourning of the Trojans, and the funeral of the hero, we cannot, in our present circumstances, do better than adopt the rule of that great example. For although it must be evident to all our readers that the success of the Leddy in her second law-suit, by placing the heir, in despite of all the devices and stratagem of parchments and Pitwinnoch, in possession of the patrimony of his ancestors, naturally closes the Entail, a work that will, no doubt, outlive the Iliad, still there were so many things immediately consequent on that event, that our story would be imperfect without some account of them.

In the first place, then, Walkinshaw, immediately after the receipt of Frazer's letter, acquainting him with the discovery of the provisions of the deed, returned to Edinburgh, where he arrived on the third day after his friend had heard from Whitteret, the Glasgow writer, that Milrookit, without objection, agreed to surrender the estate. The result of which communication was an immediate and formal declaration from Walkinshaw of his attachment to Ellen, and a cheerful consent from her father, that their marriage, as soon as the necessary preparations could be made, should be celebrated at Glengael.

Upon French Frazer the good fortune of his brother officer was no less decisive, for any scruple that he might have felt in his attachment to Mary, on account of his own circumstances, was removed by an assurance from Walkinshaw that he would, as soon as possible, make a liberal provision both for her and his mother; and in the same letrer which Walkinshaw wrote

home on his return to Edinburgh, and in which he spoke of his own marriage, he entreated his mother's consent that Mary should accept the hand of Frazer.

On Mrs Eadie, the fulfilment, as she called it, of her visions and predictions, had the most lamentable effect. Her whole spirit became engrossed with the most vague and mystical conceptions; and it was soon evident that an irreparable ruin had fallen upon one of the noblest of minds. Over her latter days we shall, therefore, draw a veil, and conclude her little part in our eventful history with simply mentioning that she never returned to Camrachle; but sunk into rest in the visionary beatitude of her parental solitudes.

Her husband, now a venerable old man, still resides as contentedly as ever in his parish; and, when we last visited him, in his modest mansion, he informed us that he had acquiesced in the wishes of his elders by consenting to receive a helper and suc-

cessor in the ministry. So far, therefore, as the best, the most constant, and the kindest friends of the disinherited family are concerned, our task is finished : but we have a world of things to tell of the Leddy and the Milrookits, many of which we must reserve till we shall have leisure to write a certain story of incomparable humour and pathos.

In the meantime, we must proceed to mention, that the Leddy, finding it was quite unnecessary to institute any further proceedings, to eject the Milrookits from Kittlestonheugh, as they of their own accord removed, as soon as they found a suitable house, returned to her residence in the royal city, where she resumed her domestic thrift at the spinning-wheel, having resolved not to go on with her action of damages against Pitwinnoch, till she had seen her grandson, who, prior to his marriage, was daily expected.

"For," as she said to his mother, after consulting with Mr Whitteret, and stating

her grounds of action, " it is not so clear a case as my great bed and board plea—and Mr Whitteret is in some doubt, whether Pitwinnoch should be sent to trial by my instrumentality, or that of Jamie—very sensibly observing—for he's really a man o' the heighth o' discretion yon—that it would be hard for an aged gentlewoman like me, with a straitened jointure, to take up a cause that would, to a moral certainty, be defendit, especially when her grandson is so much better able to afford the expence. The which opinion of counsel has made me sit down with an arrest of judgment for the present, as the only reason I hae for going to law at all is to mak money by it. Howsever, if ye can persuade Jamie to bequeath and dispone to me his right to the damage, which I mean to assess at a thousand pounds, I'll implement Mr Whitteret to pursue."

" I dare say," replied Mrs Charles, " that James will very readily give up to you all his claim; but Mr Pitwinnoch having rec-

tified the mistake he was in, we should forgive and forget."

"A' weel I wat, Bell Fatherlans, I needna cast my pearls o' great price before swine, by waring my words o' wisdom wi' the like o' you. In truth, it's an awfu' story when I come to think how ye hae been sitting like an effigy on a tomb, wi' your hands baith alike syde, and mento mori written on your vesture and your thigh, instead o' stirring your stumps, as ye ought to hae done—no to let your bairns be rookit o' their right by yon Cain and Abel, the twa cheatrie Milrookits. For sure am I, had no I ta'en the case in hand, ye might hae continued singing Wally, wally, up yon bank, and wally, wally, down yon brae, a' the days o' your tarrying in the tabernacles o' men."

Her daughter-in-law admitted, that she was, indeed, with all her family, under the greatest obligations to her,—and that, in all probability, but for her happy discovery of the errand on which the writer to the

signet had come to Glasgow, they might still have had their rights withheld.

In conversations of this description the time passed at Glasgow, while the preparations for the marriage of Walkinshaw and Ellen were proceeding with all expedient speed at Glengael. Immediately after the ceremony, the happy pair, accompanied by Mary, returned to Edinburgh, where it was determined the marriage of Mary with French Frazer should be celebrated, Mrs Charles and the old lady being equally desirous of being present.

We should not, however, be doing justice to ourselves, as faithful historians, were we to leave the reader under an impression that the Leddy's visit to the lawful metropolis was entirely dictated by affectionate consideration for her grandchildren. She had higher and more public objects, worthy, indeed, of the spirit with which she had so triumphantly conducted her causes. But with that remarkable prudence, so conspicuous in her character,

she made no one acquainted with the real motives by which she was actuated,—namely, to acquire some knowledge of the criminal law, her father not having, as she said, "paid attention to that Court of Justice, his geni being, like her own, more addicted to the civilities of the Court o' Session."

She was led to think of embarking in this course of study, by the necessity she was often under of making, as she said, her servants "walk the carpet;" or, in other words, submit to receive those kind of benedictions to which servants are, in the opinion of all good administrators of householdry, so often and so justly entitled. It had occurred to her that, some time or another, occasion might require that she should carry a delinquent handmaid before the Magistrates, or even before the Lords; indeed, she was determined to do so on the very first occurrence of transgression, and, therefore, she was naturally anxious to obtain a little insight

of the best practice in the Parliament House, that she might, as she said herself, be made capable of implementing her man of business how to proceed.

Walkinshaw, by promising to take every legal step that she herself could take against Pitwinnoch, had evinced, as she considered it, such a commendable respect for her judgment, that he endeared himself to her more than ever. He was, in consequence, employed to conduct her to the Parliament House, that she might hear the pleadings; but by some mistake he took her to that sink of sin the Theatre, when Othello was performing, where, as she declared, she had received all the knowledge of the criminal law she could require, it having been manifestly shown, that any woman stealing a napkin ought to be prosecuted with the utmost rigour. But her legal studies were soon interrupted by the wedding festivities; and when she returned to Glasgow, alas! she was not long permitted to indulge her legal pursuits; for various

causes combined to deprive the world of our incomparable heroine. Her doleful exit from the tents of Time, Law, and Physic, it is now our melancholy duty to relate, which we shall endeavour to do with all that good-humoured pathos for which we are so greatly and so deservedly celebrated. If nobody says we are so distinguished, we must modestly do it ourselves, never having been able to understand why a candidate for parliament or popularity should be allowed to boast of his virtues more than any other dealer in tales and fictions.

CHAP. XXX.

MARRIAGE feasts, we are creditably informed, as the Leddy would have said, are of greater antiquity than funerals ; and those with which the weddings of Walkinshaw and his sister were celebrated, lacked nothing of the customary festivities. The dinners which took place in Edinburgh were, of course, served with all the refinements of taste and dissertations on character, which render the entertainments in the metropolis of Mind occasionally so racy and peculiar. But the cut-and-come-again banquets of Glasgow, as the Leddy called them, following on the return of the Laird and his bride to his patrimonial seat, were, in her opinion, far superior, and she enjoyed them with equal glee and zest.

" Thanks be, and praise," said she, after

returning home from one of those costly piles of food, "I hae lived to see, at last, something like wedding doings in my family. Charlie's and Bell Fatherlans's was a cauldrife commodity, boding scant and want, and so cam o't—Watty's was a walloping galravitch o' idiocety, and so cam o't—Geordie's was little better than a burial formality, trying to gie a smirk, and so cam o't—as for Meg's and Dirdumwhamle's, theirs was a third marriage—a cauld-kail-het-again affair—and Beenie and Walky'sGretna Green, play-actoring,—Bed, Board, and Washing, bore witness and testimony to whatna kind o' bridal they had. But thir jocose gavaulings are worthy o' the occasion. Let naebody tell me, noo, that the three P's o' Glasgow mean Packages, Puncheons, and Pigtail, for I have seen and known that they may be read in a marginal note Pomp, Punch, and Plenty. To be sure, the Embroshers are no without a genteelity—that maun be condescended to them. But I jealouse they're pinched to

get gude wine, poor folk—they try sae mony different bottles: naething hae they like a gausie bowl. Therefore, commend me to our ain countryside,—Fatted calves, and feasting Belshazers,—and let the Embroshers cerimoneez wi' their Pharaoh's lean kine and Grants and Frazers."

But often when the heart exults, when the " bosom's Lord sits light upon his throne," it is an omen of sorrow. On the very night after this happy revel of the spirits, the Leddy caught a fatal cold, in consequence of standing in the current of a door while the provost's wife, putting on her pattens, stopped the way, and she was next morning so indisposed that it was found necessary to call in Dr Sinney to attend her; who was of opinion, considering she was upwards of seventy-six, that it might go hard with her if she did not recover; and, this being communicated to her friends, they began to prepare themselves for the worst.

Her daughter, the Lady of Dirdum-

whamle, came in from the country, and paid her every mark of attention. At the suggestion of her husband, she, once or twice, intimated a little anxiety to know if her mother had made a will; but the Leddy cut her short, by saying,—

"What's t'at to thee, Meg? I'm sure I'm no dead yet, that t'ou should be groping about my bit gathering?"

Dirdumwhamle himself rode daily into Glasgow in the most dutiful manner; but, receiving no satisfaction from the accounts of his wife respecting the Leddy's affairs, he was, of course, deeply concerned at her situation; and, on one occasion, when he was sitting in the most sympathising manner at her bedside, he said, with an affectionate and tender voice,—

"That he hoped she would soon be well again; but, if it was ordain't to be otherwise, he trusted she would give her daughter some small memorial over and by what she might hae alloo't her in will."

"'Deed," replied the Leddy, as she sat

supported by pillows, and breathing heavily, "I'll no forget that—for ye may be sure, when I intend to dee, that I'll mak my ain hands my executioners."

"Aye, aye," rejoined the pathetic Laird, "I was ay o' that opinion, and that ye would act a mother's part in your latter end."

To this the Leddy made no reply; but by accident coughed rather a little too moistly in his face, which made him shift his seat, and soon after retire.

He had not long taken his leave, when Milrookit and Robina came in, both in the most affectionate manner; and, after the kindest inquiries, they too hoped that she had made her departure clear with this world, and that, when she was removed to a better, no disputes would arise among surviving friends.

"I'm sure," said Robina, "we shall all greatly miss you; and I would be very glad if you would give me some little keep-

sake out of your own hands, if it were no more than the silver teapot."

" I canna do that yet, Beenie, my Leddy, for ye ken I'm obligated to gie the Laird and Nell Frizel a tea banquet, as soon's I'm able. But when I'm dead and gone, for we're a' lifelike and a' deathlike, if ye outlive me, ye'll fin' that I was a grandmother."

" It's pleasant to hear," said Milrookit, " that ye hae sic an inward satisfaction of health; but I hope ye'll no tak it ill at my wishing for a token o' my grandfather. I would like if ye would gie me from yourself the old-fashioned gold watch, just because it was my grandfather's, and sae lang in his aught."

" Aye, Walky," I won'er thou does na wis for me, for I was longer in his aught. Bairns, bairns, I purpose to outlive my last will and testament, so I redde ye keep a calm sough."

This they thought implied that she had made some provision for them in her last

will and testament; and although disappointed in their immediate object, they retired in as complete peace of mind as any affectionate grandchildren like them could retire from a deathbed.

To them succeeded the mother of Walkinshaw.

"Come away, Bell Fatherlans," said the Leddy—"sit down beside me;" and she took her kindly by the hand. "The Milrookits, auld and young, hae been here mair ravenous than the worms and cloks of the tomb, for they but devour the dead body; but yon greedy caterpillars would strip me o' leaf and branch afore my time. There was Dirdumwhamle sympathising for a something over and aboon what Meg's to get by the will. Then came Beenie, another of the same, as the Psalmist says, simpering, like a yird tead, for my silver teapot, and syne naething less would serve her gudeman but a solemneesing wheedlie for the auld gold watch. But I'll sympathise, and I'll simper, and I'll wheedle them.—

Hae, tak my keys, and gang into the desk-head, and ye'll fin' a bonny sewt pocket-book in the doocot hole next the window, bring't to me."

Mrs Charles did as she was desired; and when the pocketbook was brought, the old Leddy opened it, and, taking out one of her Robin Carricks, as she called her bills, she said,—

"Bring me a pen that can spell, and I'll indoss this bit hundred pound to thee, Bell, as an over and aboon; and when ye hae gotten't, gang and bid Jamie and Mary come to see me, and I'll gie him the auld gold watch, and her the silver teapot, just as a reward to the sympathising, simpering, and wheedling Milrookits. For between ourselves, Bell, my time is no to be lang noo amang you. I feel the clay-cold fingers o' Death handling my feet; so when I hae settled my worldly concernments, ye'll send for Dr De'ilfear, for I would na like to mount into the chariots o' glory without the help o' an orthodox."

All that the Leddy required was duly performed. She lingered for several days; but, at the end of a week from the commencement of her illness, she closed her eyes, and her death was, after the funeral, according to the Scottish practice, announced in that loyal and well-conducted old paper, the Glasgow Courier, as having taken place, "to the great regret of all surviving friends."

CHAP. XXXI.

We have often lamented that so many worthy people should be at the expence and trouble of making last wills and testaments, and yet never enjoy what passes at the reading of them. On all the different occasions where we have been present at such affecting ceremonies, it was quite edifying to see how justly the sorrow was apportioned to the legacies; those enjoying the greatest being always the most profoundly distressed; their tears, by some sort of sympathy, flowing exactly in accordance with the amount of the sums of money, or the value of the chattels which they were appointed to receive.

But on no other occasion have we ever been so much struck with the truth of this discovery as on that when, after attending

the Leddy's remains to the family sepulchre, our acquaintance, Dirdumwhamle, invited us to return to the Leddy's house, in order to be present at the solemnity. Considering the tenderness of our feelings, and how much we respect the professed sincerity of mankind, we ought, perhaps, in justice to ourselves, knowing how incapable we are of withstanding the mournful melancholy of such posthumous rites, to have eschewed the invitation of our sighing and mourning friend.

We were, however, enticed, by a little curiosity, to walk with him arm in arm from the interment, suggesting to him, on the way, every topic of Christian consolation suitable on such occasions, perceiving how much he stood in need of them all.

When we entered the parlour, which had been so often blithened with the jocose spirit of its defunct mistress, we confess that our emotions were almost too great for our fortitude, and that, as we assured the Laird of Dirdumwhamle, our

sensibility was so affected that we could, with the utmost difficulty, repress our hysterical sobbings, which he professed with no less sincerity entirely to believe. Alas! such scenes are too common in this transitory scene of things.

Seeing how much we were all in need of a glass of wine, Dirdumwhamle, with that free thought which forms so prominent a feature of his character, suggested to his lady that she should order in the decanters, and, with a bit of the shortbread, enable us to fortify our hearts for the doleful task and duty we had yet to perform.

The decanters were, accordingly, ordered in; the wine poured into the glasses; and all present to each other sighed, as in silence, the reciprocity of good wishes.

After which a pause ensued—a very syncope of sadness—a dwam of woe, as the Leddy herself would have called it, had she been spared, to witness how much we all felt.—But she was gone—she had paid the

debt of nature, and done, as Dirdumwhamle said, what we are all in this life ordained to do. It is, therefore, of no consequence to imagine how she could either have acted or felt had she been present at the reading of her last will and testament. In a word, after that hiatus in the essay of mourning, it was proposed, by young Milrookit, that the Leddy's scrutoire should be opened, and the contents thereof examined.

No objection was made on the part of any of the sorrowful and assembled friends, —quite the contrary. They all evinced the most natural solicitude, that every thing proper and lawful should be done. "It is but showing our respect to the memory of her that is gone," said Dirdumwhamle, "to see in what situation she has left her affairs—not that I have any particular interest in the business, but only, considering the near connection between her and my family, it is due to all the relations that the distribution which she has made of her

property should be published among them. —It would have been a happy and a comfortable thing to every one who knew her worth had her days been prolonged; but, alas! that was not in her own power. Her time o' this world was brought, by course of nature, to an end, and no man ought to gainsay the ordinances of Providence.—Gudewife, hae ye the key o' the desk-head?"

Mrs Milrookit, his wife, who, during this highly sympathetic conversation, had kept her handkerchief to her eyes, without removing it, put her hand into her pocket, and, bringing forth a bunch of keys, looked for one aside, which, having found, she presented it to her husband, saying, with a sigh, "That's it."

He took it in his hand, and, approaching the scrutoire, found, to his surprise, that it was sealed.

"How is this?" cried Dirdumwhamle, in an accent somewhat discordant with the key in which the performers to the concert of woe were attuned.

"I thought," replied Walkinshaw the Laird, "that it was but regular, when my grandmother died, that, until we all met, as we are now met, her desk and drawers should be sealed for fear * * *"

"For fear of what?" Dirdumwhamle was on the point of saying as we thought; but, suddenly checking himself, and, again striking the note of woe, in perfect harmony, he replied,—

"Perfectly right, Laird,—when all things are done in order, no one can have any reason to complain."

Dirdumwhamle then took off the seal, and applying the key to the lock, opened the desk head, and therein, among other things, found the embroidered pocketbook, so well known to our readers. At the sight of it, the tears of his lady began to flow, and they flowed the faster when, on examining its contents, it was discovered that the hundred pound Robin Carrick was not forthcoming—She having acquired some previous knowledge of its existence, and had, indeed, with her most

dutiful husband, made a dead set at it in their last affectionate conversation with the Leddy, with what success the reader is already informed.

A search was then made for the heritable bond for a thousand pounds, but Mrs Charles Walkinshaw surprised us all into extreme sorrow, when, on understanding the object of the search, she informed us that the said bond had been most unaccountably given, as the Milrookits thought, to her daughter for a dowry.

An inventory of the contents of the desk being duly and properly made,—indeed we ourselves took down the particulars in the most complete manner,—an inquest was instituted with respect to the contents of drawers, papers, boxes, trunks, and even into the last pouches that the Leddy had worn; but neither the silver teapot nor the old gold watch were forthcoming. Mrs Charles Walkinshaw, however, again explained, and the explanation was attended by the happiest effects, in so much as to us it served to lessen in a great

degree the profound sorrow in which all the Milrookits had been plunged.

But yet no will was found, and Dirdumwhamle was on the point of declaring that the deceased having died intestate, his wife, her daughter, succeeded, of course, to all she had left. But while he was speaking, young Mrs Milrookit happened to cast her eyes into one of the pigeon-holes in the scrutoire head, where, tied with a red tape in the most business-like manner, a will was found,—we shall not say that Dirdumwhamle had previously seen it, but undoubtedly he appeared surprised that it should have been so near his sight and touch, so long unobserved,—which gave us a hint to suggest, that when people make their wills and testaments, they should always tie them with red tape, that none of their heirs, executors, or assigns, may fall into the mistake of not noticing them at the time of the funeral examination, and afterwards, when by themselves, tear or burn them by mistake.

CHAP. XXXII.

It appeared by this will that the Leddy had, with the exception of a few inconsiderable legacies to the rest of her family, and a trifling memorial of her affection to our friend Walkinshaw, bequeathed all to her daughter, at which that lady, with the greatest propriety, burst out into the most audible lament for her affectionate mother, and Dirdumwhamle, her husband, became himself so agitated with grief, that he was almost unable to proceed with the reading of the affecting document. Having gradually mastered his feelings, he was soon, however, able to condole with Mrs Charles Walkinshaw upon the disappointment she had, no doubt, suffered; observing, by way of consolation, that it was, after all, only what was to have been expected; for the

Leddy, the most kind of parents, naturally enough considered her own daughter as the nearest and dearest of all her kith and kin.

During this part of the scene we happened inadvertently to look towards Walkinshaw, and were not a little shocked to observe a degree of levity sparkling in his eyes, quite unbecoming such a sorrowful occasion; and still more distressed were we at the irreverence with which, almost in actual and evident laughter, he inquired at Dirdumwhamle the date of the paper.

It was found to have been made several years before, soon after the decease of poor Walter.

"Indeed!" said Walkinshaw pawkily; "that's a very important circumstance, for I happen to have another will in my pocket, made at Edinburgh, while the Leddy was there at my marriage, and the contents run somewhat differently."

The tears of the Lady of Dirdumwhamle were instantaneously dried up, and the

most sensitive of Lairds himself appeared very much surprised; while, with some vibrating accent in his voice, he requested that this new last will and testament might be read.

Sorry are we to say it, that, in doing so, Walkinshaw was so little affected, that he even chuckled while he read. This was, no doubt, owing to the little cause he had to grieve, a legacy of five guineas, to buy a ring, being all that the Leddy had bequeathed to him.

This second will, though clearly and distinctly framed, was evidently dictated by the Leddy herself. For it began by declaring, that, having taken it into her most serious consideration, by and with the advice of her private counsel, Mr Frazer of Glengael, whom she appointed executor, she had resolved to make her last will and testament; and after other formalities, couched somewhat in the same strain, she bequeathed sundry legacies to her different grandchildren,—first, as we have said,

five guineas, as a token of her particular love, to Walkinshaw, he standing in no need of any farther legacy, and being, over and moreover, indebted to her sagacity for the recovery of his estate. Then followed the enumeration of certain trinkets and Robin Carricks, which were to be delivered over to, and to be held and enjoyed by, Mary, his sister. To this succeeded a declaration, that her daughter Margaret, the wife of Dirdumwhamle, should enjoy the main part of her gathering, in liferent, but not until the Laird, her husband, had paid his debt of nature, and departed out of this world ; and if the said legatee did not survive her husband, then the legacy was to go to Mrs Charles Walkinshaw, the testatrix's daughter-in-law. " As for my two grateful grandchildren, Walkinshaw Milrookit, and Robina his wife," continued the spirit of the Leddy to speak in the will, " I bequeath to them, and their heirs for ever, all and haill that large sum of money which they still stand indebted to me, for

and on account of bed, board, and washing, of which debt only the inconsiderable trifle of one thousand pounds was ever paid."

The testing clause was all that followed this important provision, but the will was in every respect complete, and so complete also was the effect intended, that young Milrookit and his wife Robina immediately rose and retired, without speaking, and Dirdumwhamle and his lady also prepared to go away, neither of them being seemingly in a condition to make any remark on the subject.

Such is the natural conclusion of our story; but perhaps it is expected that we should say something of the subsequent history of Walkinshaw, especially as his wife has brought him nine sons,—"all male heirs," as Dirdumwhamle often says with a sigh, when he thinks of his son and Robina having only added daughters to

the increasing population of the kingdom. But Walkinshaw's career as a soldier belongs to a more splendid theme, which, as soon as ever we receive a proper hint to do so, with ten thousand pounds to account, we propose to undertake, for he was present at the most splendid achievements of the late universal war. His early campaigns were not, however, brilliant; but, in common with all his companions in arms during the first years of that mighty contest, he still felt, under the repulses of many disasters, that the indisputable heroism of the British spirit was never impaired, and that they were still destined to vindicate their ancient superiority over France.

These heroic breathings do not, however, belong to our domestic story; and, therefore, all we have to add is, that, as often as he revisited his patrimonial home on leave of absence, he found the dinnering of his friends in the royal city almost as hard work as the dragooning of his foes. Since

the peace, now that he is finally settled at Kittlestonheugh with all his blushing honours thick upon him, the Lord Provost and Magistrates have never omitted any opportunity in their power of treating him with all that distinction for which, as a corporation, they are so deservedly celebrated. Indeed, there are few communities where there is less of the spirit of ostracism, or where a man of public merit is more honoured by his fellow-citizens, than in Glasgow. Therefore say we in fine,—

LET GLASGOW FLOURISH!

Printed by George Ramsay and Company,
Edinburgh, 1822.